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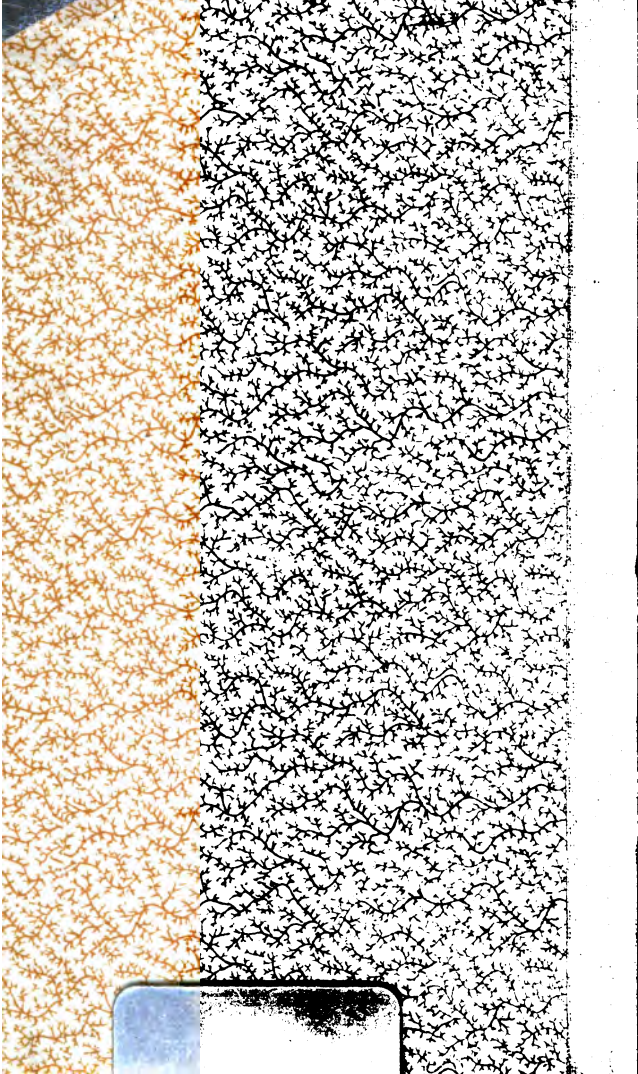
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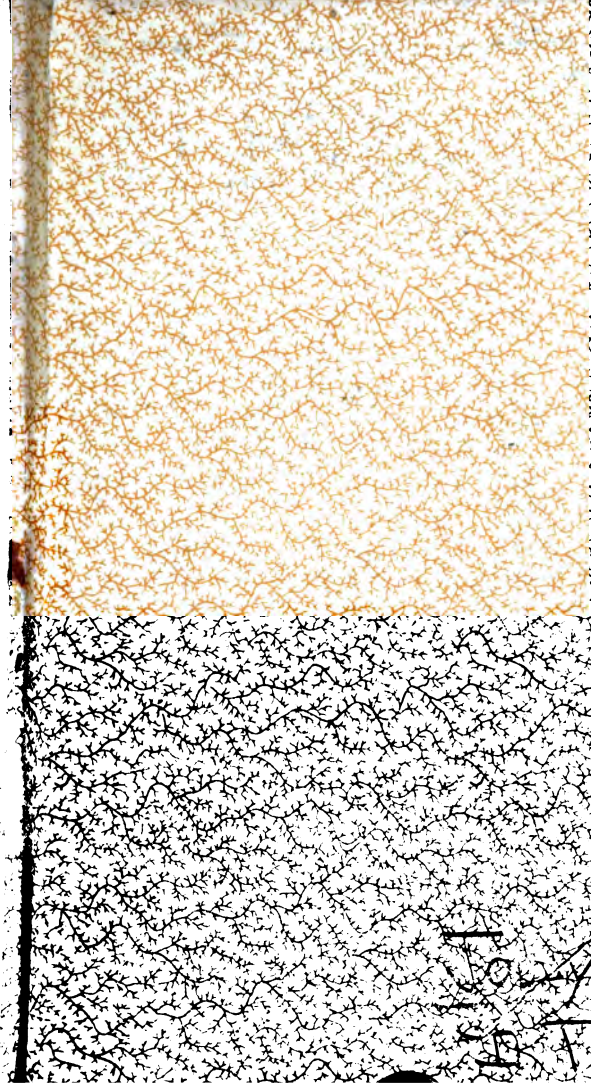
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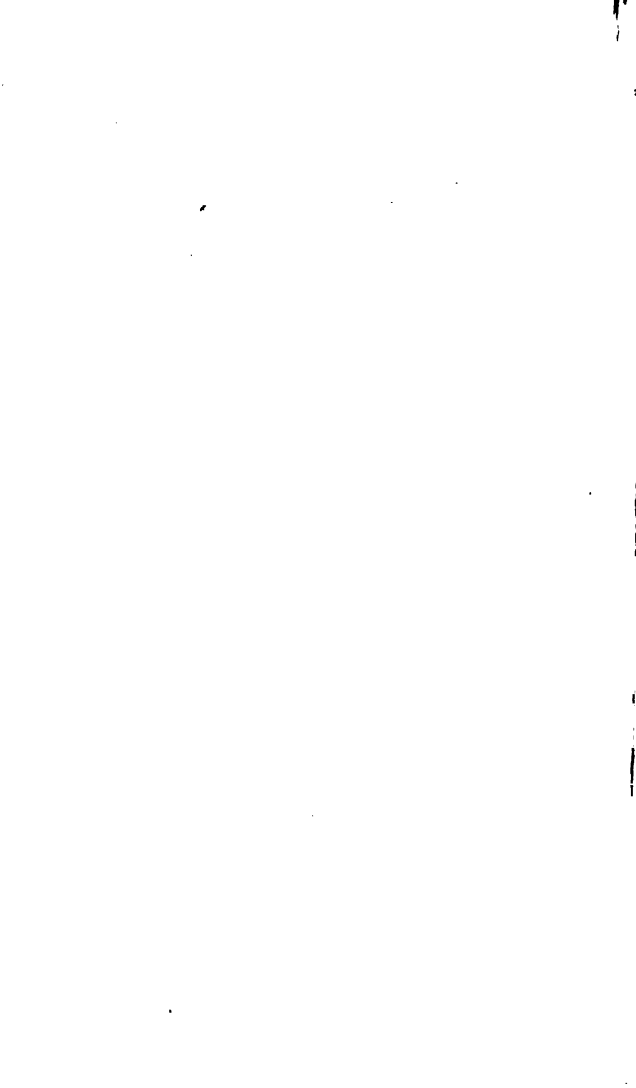
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Wm. S. Dwyer

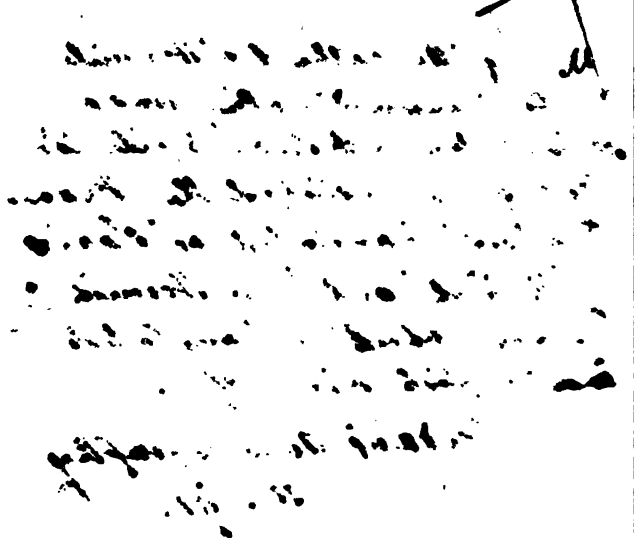
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1894



Long (the author of *L'Hermitte*
de la Chaumie d'Orthe) was a
fair English scholar. Besides the
Hermit he published the '*Heure*
Parlons', translated as '*Paris*
Chit Chat' and '*The Hermit of*
Guiron' which he translated
into English himself.

Verdun's Autobiography
II. 91.



THE
PARIS SPECTATOR:

OR,

L'HERMITE DE LA CHAUSÉE-D'ANTIN.

CONTAINING

OBSERVATIONS

UPON

PARISIAN MANNERS & CUSTOMS

AT THE

Commencement of the Nineteenth Century.

VICTOR JOSSE
TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

BY W. JERDAN.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
PUBLISHED BY M. CAREY,
AND WELLS & LILLY, BOSTON.
1816.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
GEORGE CANNING,

&c. &c. &c.

SIR,

IN offering to the Public the Translation of a Work written on the Model of *The Spectator*, it is with no common feelings of gratification, that I avail myself of your kind permission to enrich this Production with another feature of resemblance to its great Original.

To the most enlightened Statesmen, the most elegant and accomplished Scholars, the most brilliant Wits, and distinguished Orators of that day, were the Volumes of Addison severally inscribed;—it is by a rare felicity that the *Paris Spectator* may be dedicated to one who unites in himself all the high Characteristics which belong to those Individuals; and that all that was admired in the Somers', Boyle's, Halifax's, Sunderland's, and Wharton's of a former era, may receive a new tribute in the person of the Right Honourable George Canning.

Scarcely daring to hope that the Hermit
of the *Chaussée-d'Antin* in his English garb
may be sanctioned by your approbation, I
beg to present this Translation to you, as a
testimony of the high Respect and Esteem,
with which,

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your most obliged,

And obedient Servant,

WM. JERDAN.

Little Chelsea, June, 1815.

ROYAL
ACADEMY
OF MUSIC

INTRODUCTION.

THE Essays upon the Manners and Customs of Paris at the commencement of the Nineteenth Century, under the signature of '*L'Hermite de la Chaussée-d'Antin*,' appeared originally in the *Gazette de France* Daily Newspaper: they were inserted almost regularly once a week, and very soon excited the attention, and obtained the applause of the Public. Their success indeed was greater than that of any similar attempt in France. The *Cafés* were crowded on the mornings of their periodical return, and the lucubrations of the Hermit generally formed the conversation of the day among all ranks of the Parisians.

Encouraged by this marked approbation, M. Jony, the Author of these Papers, collected them into Volumes, and in that form they were received with the same unanimous favour which they experienced on their first appearance. In this way five volumes were

published in succession; the last of them, long after the Translation now offered to the English Reader, was undertaken.

It seemed impossible that any picture of such manners should be other than carious, and acceptable to this Country, after the fitful intercourse and long exclusion which circumstances had created, for a quarter of a Century, between two interesting Nations, only divided by a narrow channel: and the accurate and characteristic touches of M. Jouy, appeared to the Translator to have so far increased the natural attraction of the subject, as to leave little doubt of its susceptibility to be transferred with advantage into our Language. With this view, a Selection of the Essays has been made, in which those most descriptive of the Customs, &c. of Paris are retained, and those omitted which are founded on Anecdotes already well known in the British Essayists, or are so little illustrative of French habits and manners as to be destitute of that charm which might have recommended them to public attention.

A Translation from the French is so much within a schoolboy's endowments, that any apology for its imperfections may look like an acknowledgment of being perhaps more-

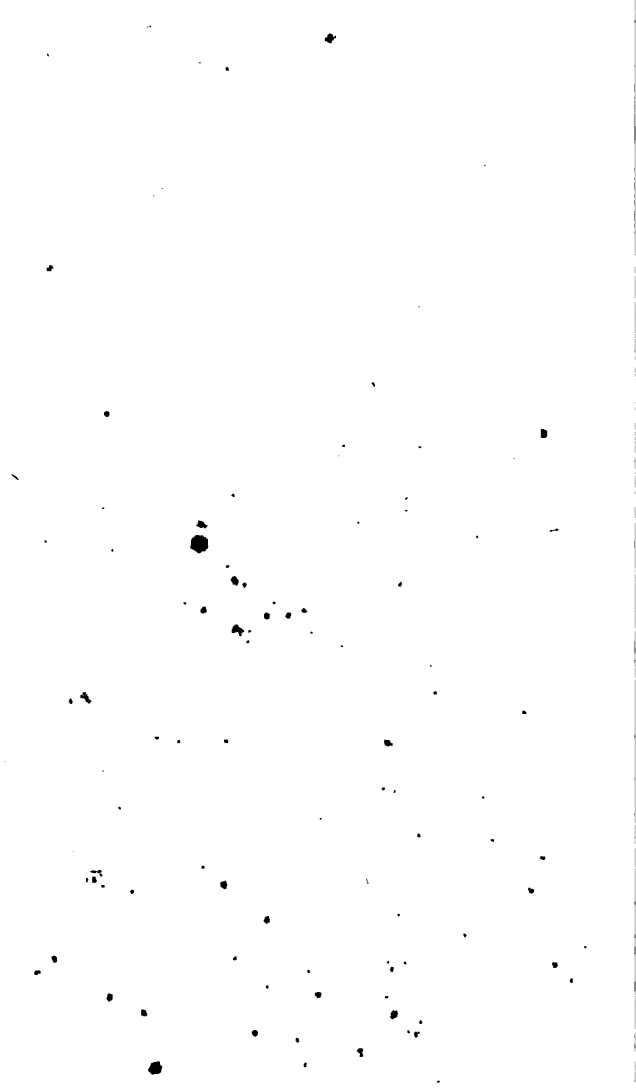
incompetent to the task, than one who ventures to lay his Production before the world, would wish to have believed. Some indulgence is however claimed for these Volumes. The Wit of our neighbours often depends so entirely on the turn of a phrase, that it is not easy to adhere to the sense of the passage with that fidelity, which is the soul of Translation, and at the same time transfuse its spirit into another tongue. The difficulty lies between an imitation and a close rendering of the text, and sometimes in avoiding the Scylla and Charybdis of too much freedom on the one hand, and too servile an adherence on the other, the vessel is foundered in the middle current. But the greater obstacle which presented itself to a faithful and spirited Translation of this Work, arose from the perpetual recurrence of local allusions, of words and sentences the cant of high or low life, and of newly coined terms, which even a long residence in Paris, and an intimate acquaintance with its fashions and follies, could not render altogether intelligible. If error has crept into any of these passages, the rod of criticism will, it is hoped, be administered without severity.

It is unnecessary to prolong these introductory Remarks, which, as is usual in such

cases, are penned at a period when the Work they precede is finished, and it is too late to mend any thing. With whatever faults may be upon his head, a hope is entertained that the Hermit may meet with some of the same kindness in England, which was so liberally bestowed upon him in his native land.

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THE
PARIS SPECTATOR;

OR,

L'HERMITE DE LA CHAUSSEE-D'ANTIN.

No. I.—17th Aug. 1841,

PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

Multa ferunt anni venientes comoda secum.

Il y a des avantages qui sont le fruit des années.

HERM. ART. POET.

Age brings with it some advantages.

To the Editors of the Gazette de France.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN you know me better, you will not be surprised at my being acquainted with the object which, at this moment occupies your minds. You have formed the project of laying before your readers a hebdomadary bulletin of the state of Paris; you do not yet know to whom you can intrust the task: without further preamble I offer you my services. A few words respecting my person, history, and character,

will, I believe, convince you that, leaving talent out of the question, I possess at least *instinct* for the business I am desirous of undertaking.

Before telling you my age, against which you might muster some objections, I ought to inform you that there is not a young man in all Paris (not excepting the junior clerk of an attorney in full practice) who travels over so much ground in this capital, in a week as I do every day. After this averment I need not be afraid to let you into the secret, that I was born on the 21st July 1741. There are clever persons who may conclude from this fact that I am seventy: 'tis possible;—years are the favours of time, and I keep no reckoning with my friends! An insatiable curiosity was the earliest of my apparent predilections. Thus, at the age of thirteen, I set out to run over the whole world. I made the voyage with our celebrated navigator, Bougainville; I traversed the three continents; visited almost every nation on the globe, and thirty years elapsed before I came back to France. Surfeited with travelling like Scarmantado, I took, as he did, a wife, on my return. I am not sure of having experienced the same fate; neither did I discover *that marriage was the sweetest condition of life*. To tell the whole truth, my house was a hell: I was miserable; I gave vent to my bile, in a tale, in which I drew the picture of a wife, vain, meddling, shrewish. Mine recognised the likeness, and, on this ground, sued

me for a separation. I had the happiness to lose my suit. Behold me again free. I thought of nothing but the means of arranging my mode of life, so as to combine this blessing of independence with that instinct of curiosity which forms the basis of my character, and to which I could no where resign myself more entirely and more agreeably than in Paris:—thence I determined never more to wander. I hired a neat little house outside of the barriers, on the way to Clichy, and close to the high road which the Duke d'Antin had caused to be made.—('Tis from that circumstance, by the bye, that my nickname of the Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin is derived; it was presently conferred upon me with some reason, and custom has confirmed the title.) I imagine I must have lived more than two centuries when I reflect upon the changes that have taken place around me during the forty years I have been a tenant, not indeed of the same lodging, but upon the same spot. I can literally say that Paris has come to seek me. The meadow on which I dwelt is covered with edifices in the shape of a street; my little house, which I rented at a hundred crowns a-year, is transformed into a magnificent hotel, where the proprietor has handsomely retained for me a habitation in the garret; I pay indeed four times as much as I did for the whole house which I before occupied; but a man likes to remain on the spot where he has been tolerably happy for nearly half a century.

That you, Gentlemen, may know a little better who I am, it behoves me to tell you what I have done; nothing, absolutely nothing; I go, I come, I look, I listen, and I note down, in the evening, all that I have seen and heard during the day. From these notes, I will briefly make you acquainted with the manner in which I employ myself.

I rise at five o'clock in the morning in summer, and at seven in winter. As nobody is stirring in Paris at such hours, except in the *Halle* and other markets, I direct my steps, in the first instance, to these places. The habit of seeing me so often renders the market-folks careless of my observation: I learn all the mysteries of trade; how baskets are *composed* with a little fine fruit at top: how withered vegetables are coaxed to look fresh; by what address flowers are grafted on shrubs which have lost every blossom they possessed. I see the *maitres-d'hotel* and the cooks of great houses arrive, and I know better than their masters what price they pay for the articles they carry home.

From the markets I generally take a walk upon the Quay, and ascertain the number and the nature of the arrivals there; thence I proceed to the Palais-Royal, where I breakfast, at the Café de Foi, the Café de Chartres, or the Café Valois alternately, as I feel inclined to hear arguments upon politics, finance, or commerce. About noon, I betake myself to the Reading room of M. de Laage, in the Rue de

Grammont, where I skim over the public papers.

Well or ill-informed on the events passing in Europe, I leave the news-room to pay my customary visit to an old friend in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, Madame de L * * * * *, with whom I seldom fail to enjoy, before dinner, a ride in a carriage to the Bois de Boulogne. Madame de L * * * * *, who has spent her life at court, and has no other fault but that of firmly believing that it is impossible to live elsewhere, relates to me a multitude of amusing anecdotes concerning the most celebrated persons of the present epoch, and of past times; I collect an *Ana* not at all inferior to those of M. Cousin d'Avalon. Returning from this excursion, I visit the Café Tortoni, where I have got into the habit of taking an ice before dinner, with an ancient and very learned Italian Doctor, who never mentions Rome without doffing his hat.

The physical and moral regime which I have prescribed for myself, joined to my unalterable custom of going every evening to the theatre, induces me to refuse all invitations to dinner, which, after all, are not half so pleasing as the suppers of former days. I pass all the Restaurateurs in successive review, and without attaching to the gastronomic science so much importance as Mr. G de la R, I am competent to reason, in a satisfactory way, upon the discoveries which have been made therein since the period when I used to dine

at three livres a head at the Hotel d'Angleterre, upon every thing, which was then the very best in Paris. As I am, for causes which I shall unfold to you at a proper opportunity, admitted *free* to all the theatres, it is not an uncommon thing to see me, on the same evening, at the Opera, the theatre Feydeau, and the Comedie Française. This, I assure you, is the only trait in which I resemble M. de R I am acquainted not only with the parentage, but with the offspring of all the performers of the chief theatres; I have been present at all the débuts of actors and actresses, and witnessed every success and every failure since the year 1764*. You will observe, therefore that I am perfectly able to furnish you with anecdotes and news from the green room.

As for fashions, which necessarily form part of a publication of the nature you announce, it is probable you may imagine that I am a stranger to matters of that sort; but you will be of a very different opinion when you learn that I have in my possession a complete collection of French *costumes*, from the coat of the Sicambri, our ancestors, to the docked frock of the young gentlemen of the present day: that I have preserved specimens of all the coats, all the hats, and all the perriwigs, which I have myself worn during the last fifty years; and that the whole, properly labelled, are arranged

* Our author forgets here the length of his travels.
Translator.

according to chronological order in a museum of a kind altogether novel and unprecedented.

After this exposition, it is for you, Gentlemen, to determine whether or not I am a person competent to perform the task which I am desirous of undertaking.

I have the honour to be,
&c. &c.

No. II.—*Aug. 31st, 1811.*

THE GODFATHER.

Stultum me fateor.

HOR. SAT. III. LIV. 11.

J'avoue ma folie.

I confess my folly.

READING some months ago the little Poem of the magnificent Godfather* (which I deposited, according to a new arrangement of my books, upon a particular shelf in my library beside *Ossian's Poems* and *Clotilde*, &c.) I little expected that I should myself very soon expe-

* Parrain Magnifique.

rience the miseries of the Canon, at which I laughed so heartily. So true it is

Qu'il ne se faut jamais moquer des misérables.

That we ought never to make game of the unfortunate.

I consider myself bound to lay before the public an account of my disaster ; it is a beacon, for the benefit of others, which I erect upon the rock against which I was dashed.—About eleven o'clock last Wednesday night, I had established my quarters in an excellent elbow chair, constructed after the model of that of our brave and worthy Abbe M and was, according to my custom before going to bed, glancing over one of those pamphlets of the day which are read with as little trouble as they are written, when my servant announced M. le Comte de V the principal occupant of the Hotel which I inhabit. I shall narrate our conversation as the best method of making you acquainted with the motive for his visit : “ A thousand pardons, neighbour, for disturbing you at this hour ; but circumstances will sometimes excuse an indiscretion.” “ Fortunately your tone re-assures me ; but for that, Count, I should have feared that some calamity had befallen you.” “ Quite the contrary ; my wife is brought to bed.” “ Of a boy ? ” “ You have hit it ! ” “ Not but that I had my suspicions from the air of importance of all the females of the hotel whom I encountered in going out this

morning." "That remark is fine." "I would not lay a wager that Sterne had not made it before me; but be that as it may, I congratulate you on the happy event which you have yourself had the politeness to announce." "That is not however the object of my visit; my motive is:—my wife is, like others, infected with her little superstitions; and the work of M. Salgues,* which I have taken care she should read, has not eradicated her faith in omens. Some days previous to her accouchement she paid a visit to Mlle. Le Normand, and the Conjuror of the Rue de Tournon predicted *that she would have a boy whose destiny, in all points, should resemble that of the godfather whom she chose for him*. You ought also to be told that my wife, to whom our common friend Madame de L. . . . has communicated your history to the most minute details, considers you to be the prototype of human felicity, and consequently is anxious to ensure the happiness of her son by entreating you, through me, to become his godfather."

This proposal struck me as a little too fantastical; I eluded it as long as possible, but at last consented, from the idea that there was something to be respected even in the weakness of a mother, and that after all, there was nothing more required of me than a simple act of complaisance.

The christening was settled for the following day. I had not held up an infant since the

* Des préjugés répandus dans la Société, &c.

year 1775, and the fashion might be altered. I run to Mme. de L. . . . for a lesson to qualify me for my new office. More careful of my reputation than of my purse, she gave me instructions of the consequences of which I was ignorant, and addresses of merchants of whose prices I knew nothing. I consequently proceed to Tessier the Perfumer at the *Golden Clock*, (I was wont to employ Fargeon); I shew Mme. de L——'s note, and they hand me a baptismal gift-basket, exquisitely tasteful it is true; —but eighty francs! I would have exclaimed against the price had I not been prevented by being told that they never chaffer nor abate any thing at the *Golden Clock*. The young lady of the counter, with such as whom it is very embarrassing to have any discussion about money matters, arranged in the basket, with a grace altogether peculiar—

Six dozen pairs of gloves, superfine and assorted; *two fans*, the one embroidered in steel, the other in *blonde* scale work, and enriched with a spy glass;

A bouquet of artificial flowers which would have puzzled the eye of a botanist;

Some ridicules, two flasks of essence of Rose, *a stand of pastiles of the Seraglio*; of all which articles she presented me with a bill, on a pretty vignette, amounting to 420* francs. I thought the sum enormous; I was tempted to relinquish the cursed basket; but the false shame of a school-boy restrained me: I took, one by one, twenty-one Napoleons from my purse; I told

them down with equal accuracy upon the mahogany counter, and I rushed out of the elegant warehouse firmly resolved never in my life to enter it again. My bargain was made; I desired at least to reap the praise which my liberality merited. I returned to Madame de L. . . . to shew her my purchase. "It is very well!" said she, "the basket is neat, and *not extravagant*. The godmother will be content with it.

"There are yet however a few other trifles which you want, and which I have selected for you myself:

"For the lady in the straw, a night-lamp plated with gold at *Odiot's*, and a porcelaine cup at *Dagoty's*: I have paid for these two articles twenty louis; but they are the least you could present to a lady who is worth fifty thousand livres a year.

"For the attendant, a cap trimmed with Valenciennes lace, five louis:—that goes for nothing.

"For the nurse, this merino shawl; this is all that is indispensably requisite.

"I was tempted, as I went along, to purchase at *Dubief's* a coral for the baby; but this would be an expense of eight or ten louis; and in your case you need not go beyond what is strictly necessary. . . ."

I could resist this no longer; but at the last stroke exclaimed, "How, Madam, is it necessary that I should ruin myself for the sake of holding up the infant of a woman I scarcely know, and

who believes in the predictions of Mlle. Le-Normand!"—"You ought not to have accepted the office then; you have done so, and must now do your best to acquit yourself of it honourably."

To this argument I could offer no answer: and in order to punish myself for my folly, I resolved to endure all the consequences: in fine, accounts being cast up, and conforming myself to the usage on such occasions, after having made my offerings of the presents purchased for them, to the godmother, to the lady in bed, to the attendant, and to the nurse; after having given a wax taper to the curate, an oblation to the vicar, drink-money to the beadle, to the porter, and to the bell-man: after having bestowed alms upon the poor of the parish; after having settled the demand of Berthelebot (whose poetry, by way of parenthesis, has raised the price of knick-knacks too much) I found that I had the honour to be godfather to the child of Madame the Countess of V. at the cost of 2575 francs, 20 centimes; and that, as a compensation for my expenditure, I had a godson, who was not even named after me, (for excepting myself and Pascal, who would in this age consent to be called Blaise!) but who could come punctually enough to visit me on my birthday: a young and handsome godmother to whom I could not help wishing that she might want a similar office done for herself;

* For the present annually given by godfathers, according to custom, in France.

and a pair of spectacles in gold, to which I was obliged to get new glasses. Thanks to these *mutual* gifts, I was allowed to stand godfather in the family of M. de V. . . . and was kept to dinner *without ceremony*. All the concomitants of this phrase were fulfilled to a miracle : the arrival of the young heir had thrown the house into disorder ; the cook, the butler, and the principal footman, partaking in the general joy, had given themselves leave of absence for the whole day. At eight o'clock a cold repast was served up ; the *new-come* squalled in the adjoining apartment, and the accoucheur arrived in the midst of the comfortless meal ; my host burnt with impatience to see his wife and child ; I perceived that my part in the performances approached its close ; and clear with my neighbours, with my godchild, and with all the contributors towards this baptismal pomp, which I had, according to my custom, discharged with ready money, I retired to meditate upon the means of simplifying Christenings.

No. III.—21st Sept. 1811.

THE LIFE OF THE MANOR-HOUSE.

See what delights in Sylvan Scenes appear.
POPE.

Connaissez les plaisirs de la vie Champêtre.

BOILEAU has well said :

Paris est pour un riche un pays de Cocagne,
Sans sortir de la ville il trouve la campagne ;

London is to the rich a land of joy.
Even in the city, country pleasures cloy.

Reduced within correct bounds, this poetical exaggeration means simply, that in Paris a person of great fortune may enclose between two streets and within four walls, a certain number of stunted trees, plats of turf, and flower borders, and make the whole look fresh and fair by means of a scanty rill of water purchased at the pump, and circulated in the meandrings of a wheel rut cut in plaster : such is the country which is found *without going out of the city* (sans sortir de la ville). As for that which is composed of

vast plains, of meadows covered with flocks, of forests watered with delicious streams, of mountains down whose sides torrents are poured, or, where a pure air is breathed, or, where nothing is seen but rustic labours, and nothing felt but rural pleasures; as for that sort of country, I say, however powerful and however rich a man may be, he must bestir himself to travel beyond the city gates, and leave behind him the atmosphere of the capital, before he can taste its exquisite delights.—I never enjoyed them with greater zest than in a little tour which I lately made to *my farm* (I remember the time when I used to call it *my estate*); and as we never describe objects which please us more happily than while we are still under their influence, I solicit the permission of my readers (before I again set about rambling over Paris with my memorandum-book in my hand), to cast a glance behind with me on the spot I have just left, and permit me to avail myself of the last fine days of the season to speak of the country, and of all the enjoyments of which wisdom and wealth may there discover the abundant source.

Upon entering *Bocage* (the name of that part of ancient Normandy where my property is situated), I was astonished for the hundredth time in my life, that a country so delicious and only sixty leagues from the capital, should not be covered with mansions and villas. The traveller Moore, in his letters on France, has just

reasons for charging the French with negligence and want of consideration in the selection of places where they form establishments. The difficulty of communications which the rich proprietors allege as an apology is not a sufficient justification of this indifference : a moiety of the sums which many of them expend in the labour of reclaiming barren soils, in creating fictitious hills and streams, and in erecting absurd edifices, would be enough to open commodious roads throughout a country which seems to be designed to captivate and delight the eyes of every beholder.

A thunderbolt had fallen upon the dwelling-house on my farm, and my business was to repair the damage, which I might, in all conscience, have laid to the charge of the farmer, because he had taken upon himself, contrary to my positive orders, to remove the conductor which I had caused to be erected over the principal building ; it is true that he alleged as a reason for so doing, " that this was not the fashion of the country, and that his neighbours laughed at him when they saw this great iron spit on the top of his habitation : " but I attached no value to such excuses, and would assuredly have carried the question into a court of law had I been young enough to commence a suit in chancery*.

The more we reflect on the subject, and the more we observe, the more firmly will we be-

* Literally " a process in Normandy."

come convinced of the erroneousness of the greater number of oracular opinions pronounced upon the character of whole nations by some writers, and adopted without examination by others. Every Frenchman is considered to be one of a people the most fickle and inconstant in the world. And yet with the least attention, the slightest inquiry into the character of our nation (except in the capital, where men so readily depart from their natural habits), it will be evident, that so far from being inclined to change, the French are the greatest slaves to old prejudices, and the most immoveably bigotted to the routine of ancient customs, of any people in Europe. Among the population of the country, and especially of the western provinces, the truth of this remark is most incontrovertibly apparent. The peasants of lower Normandy are at this hour exactly what they were in the time of William the Conqueror; their dialect, horses, clothes, and mode of living, are in almost every respect the same; civilisation has scarcely made any sensible progress among them, and their manners are still as remarkable for purity as for rusticity.

Too near a neighbour to the castle of P—— to be able to dispense with a visit of politeness, I was welcomed by the honourable possessor of that ancient mansion as an old friend of his father. He absolutely insisted upon my taking up my abode at the manor-house; and Madame de P——— enforced this proposal with the most obliging solicitation. She contrived an-

swers to all my objections. "Well! Madame," said I, laughing, "I must make a confession to you, against which even your kindness can urge no sufficient reply; I spent the early part of my life at sea, where one contracts many bad habits, and the latter part of it in that retirement where one does not learn to correct them: and though I must acknowledge it, I do so with all humility, *I smoke.*"——"So much the better," returned the lady, "we have here the room for smokers, and you shall be the companion of my uncle, the Admiral, who smokes like *Jean Bart*, and would not give himself much uneasiness were he to swear as much." There are arguments which possess the authority of law; on the same evening I was installed a resident of the manor-house. The life which is spent there is most delightful; and as the happiness enjoyed in this family is less the result of opulence than of the union of the most amiable of qualities, of talents, and of tastes, some sketches of the picture may not be unacceptable.

Were I writing a romance, with time and paper before me, I would at the hazard of fatiguing my readers present them, in the newest fashionable style, with a description of one of those places the most beautiful, the most various, the most picturesque, which it is possible to conceive; but both time and space press, and it shall suffice me to record that the site of the chateau of P—— leaves nothing for the most fertile and jocund imagination to desire.

It did not exhibit that extreme freedom which it has so long been made the boast of the *country* to offer, and of its admirers to find; but it did afford all that freedom which is consistent with attention to the habits and the pleasures of others. The society was composed of twelve persons, of whom five belonged to the family of Mr. P——; and among the visitors were five of the most distinguished artists of the capital. The gentlemen rose at an early hour, these to hunt or fish, those, pencil in hand, to study some effects of landscape, and we others, invalids, to gaze once more upon the birth of Aurora. At ten o'clock all assembled together to breakfast, at which period the ladies made their appearance; some of them rose sooner, but they generally descended together. After breakfast every one occupied and amused themselves, according to their own taste, in a spacious saloon, from which the billiard table was only separated by an open colonnade. While some exercised themselves at this game, Madame de P—— embroidered or wrought tapestry, the young folks, round the piano-forte, listened to Mr. C——, who run over the divisions of Dido or Armida, Mademoiselle Pauline de N—— drew a portrait in crayons, of her grand-uncle, the Admiral, who complained that they kept him too long *in stays*.

From one o'clock till five, every individual was master of his own time, without being ac-

countable to the general society for the manner of its employment: it was this part of the day which the owners of the house devoted to domestic duties, and to the interests of the inhabitants of the place, who still considered themselves in the light of their vassals.

The dinner bell recalled every one to the saloon. Madame de P—— did not appear loaded with that labour of the toilet about her which imposes a similar attention to the etiquette of dress on others; but in this, as in every thing else, she set the example of simplicity full of taste, and grace, and elegance. It is common enough to find, even in the country, tables more splendid than that of M. de P——; but there are very few in France where the repast is rendered so pleasing; because it is very rare to meet every day in company with four charming women, without the slightest rivalry; men of wit without overbearing pretensions; old men of uniform good tempers, and young men of gaiety, at all times excessive, and yet confined within the most becoming limits. After dinner the ambulatory parties were arranged; some embarked in boats; the solitary pedestrian wandered upon the mountains, while those less inclined to exercise did not go beyond the long alleys of the park: but the most numerous troop generally followed the lady of the mansion, certain that she would ever lead them where there were succours and consolations to be bestowed and blessings to be received.

The period of return is also that of the arrival of the post; the letters and the journals received, the news learnt and communicated, in giving a new impulse to conversation, decides the character which it shall retain for the remainder of the evening. The last day which I spent at P—— the only subject discussed was the comet. The children's tutor, who is almost as great in astronomy as M. Tripotin, began to frighten the ladies by demonstrating to them in a manner peculiarly his own, that our earth could not escape being some day or other pulverised by the shock of one of these vagabond stars, when Madame de St. C—— interrupted him to read to us the postscript of a letter received by her maid from her mother, and which was literally as follows: "Thy mistress and thee, you have ill-chosen your time to go into the country; they shew at Paris a superb comet; I have already been to see it three times from the Pont des Arts; and as it may be a thousand years, they tell me, before such another may be seen, I am very sorry that thou hast lost so fine an opportunity."

The simplicity of this good woman, who fancied that the comet was only visible at Paris, afforded us so much food for laughter, that it was impossible for the Abbé to resume the discussion at the point of gravity to which his reasoning had mounted.

It is usually, by a little concert, that the day thus usefully and agreeably passed is terminated. When the evening is fine, the music is

performed in full accompaniment; and perhaps one must have listened to the ravishing voice of Madame A. de St. C—— the harmonious base of M. de la Marre, under the azure of a cloudless sky, in the calmness of night, and amid the repose of the woods, to be able to form an idea of all the power of an art which adds a new charm to the beauties of nature.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

“How, is that you my dear? Already returned to Paris?—*Don't mention it*, (Ne m'en parlez pas—a fashionable phrase). I am dead with impatience, with heat, with dust, and with ennui; but you yourself, my darling, how comes it that you are not upon the banks of the Orne, in that *bel resfiro*, where we spent so delicious a month last year?—What would you have? Troublesome business, very important, truly.—I am in the same predicament, signatures to give to a notary, a sick child.—No doubt, without reckoning that Alfred could not endure the country.—Without reckoning that your husband does not go.—No matter, I shall only attend one last representation of *Amida*, and fly back to the fields.—There is nothing else worth enjoying, my dear, the meadows, the woods, the flowers! Alfred is going through a course of botany expressly for me.” This conversa-

tion, which chance led me to overhear, passed between two young ladies in the Champs-Élysées: unfortunately some one accosted them, and their colloquy was interrupted; but the note was taken, which will serve as the text for some observations I have made on the predilection of our belles for the country. During winter, and without losing any of the pleasures of this brilliant season, they sigh for the return of spring, dream of nothing but walks by moonlight, breakfasts in dairies, and rural dances under the branches of the ancient oak: at last the month of May arrives; *but* the fine weather is yet uncertain, the mornings are too cool (for persons who never rise before noon), and besides, one would not like to miss the last concerts of the *Conservatoire*; which, after all, are much finer than the earliest songs of the nightingale. It would be desirable to set out upon the first of June, but the work people have not yet put up the new billiard table, which is to be placed in the saloon, for the sake of conversation parties. All is ready by the 15th; the carts set out on the preceding evening laden with tric-trac tables, chess-boards, parcels of half dozen packs of cards, &c.; the children's tutor has laid in a plentiful magazine of romances; there is a complete collection of the proverbs of Carmontelle; as far as one can see, nothing is forgotten which can minister a relish to the enjoyment of the beauties of nature, and the pleasures of the country. The departure is already a holiday.—In advance, the young gen-

tllemen on horseback, or in light gigs, precede the brilliant calash in which all the young ladies are stowed; the grandfathers, the grandmothers, and the monkeys bring up the rear in the ponderous Berlin. They arrive at the mansion house; the first moments are delicious; they employ themselves in the arrangement of the apartments, an essential labour, and one which requires, in the mistress of a house, a nicety of tact, a feeling of propriety, an experience of the world, which can only be learnt in Paris. After the second day they never think of any thing but of devising modes to forget the country, and recal the amusements of the city. At eleven o'clock the bell rings to breakfast; but the ladies seldom appear: one has slept so ill that she has gone to bed again after the bath; another pouts; this has a messenger to despatch, and that a romance to finish. The greater part of the time they have a better reason than any of these, but they do not think it worth while to mention it; and besides, is it not agreed that the most perfect liberty is the privilege of the country? It is so simple as to be generally understood; and every one passes the morning as he lists. At five o'clock the first dinner peal warns the gentlemen that it is time to think of dressing (for notwithstanding *the liberty* which is enjoyed in the country, unlucky is he who, seduced by the fascinations of his walk, is so late as to arrive just as dinner is being placed on the table! Politeness forbids him to present himself in

the undress of the morning; and he is obliged to lose those precious moments, in attending to his clothes, for which his appetite demands another employment.) At six o'clock, all are met together in the saloon, bedizened as in a winter evening. It is announced to Madame that dinner is served; they proceed to the dining room, where the the marble pannels and gilt vases, ornamented with artificial flowers, remind you only of the luxury of the city; but when the dessert appears, the beauty of the fruits naturally provokes eulogies upon the country, upon which subject every one prepares to say the finest things in the world, when the master of the house, a sort of *procurante* senator, nips these embryo effusions in the bud, by informing his guests that these magnificent fruits were purchased at the *Halle**, and that he has only fruit-trees with double flowers in his gardens. Rising from table, they adjourn to a sort of pavilion, whence Paris may be seen to its utmost limits, and where it is even easy to amuse oneself by counting the houses through a telescope levelled against the windows. The post-hour arrives; they hasten to *re-descend* to the saloon to receive their letters and read the journals, which they snatch and scramble for as at the *Café Valois*. After their perusal, and the discussions which ordinarily ensue, they determine at last upon a promenade: but it is already eight o'clock, the season is moist,

* The Covent Garden of Paris.

damps are dangerous; the young folks remain at billiards—the ladies will not go far. They return at nine o'clock, having only to fill up one more tedious hour before bed-time. Harmless sports are childish, cards very dull, conversation is soon exhausted; they play comedy; they choose a proverb of Carmontelle, and debate the parts; the disputes of the side-scenes are transplanted into the saloon; and if I may be permitted to speak the truth, it is in these petty squabbles that the moments least tiresome to them are consumed in the country. But even this resource fails, ennui gains ground, every one contrives to have business which furnishes a pretext for spending a day in Paris; these journeys become more frequent, and the beginning of September brings definitively back again to their hotel, in the Faubourg St. Germain, a whole party of people who could right well have dispensed with leaving it.

The majority of the pieces of Dancourt ridicule the manners, customs, and follies peculiar to the epoch at which he wrote; and it must be confessed, that though the gaiety and ease of his dialogue are suitable to all times, his subjects have lost the chief source of their attraction, that of being applicable. Among the small number of his productions, in which he has painted more lasting absurdities, there is one (*The Country House*)* of which the plot and characters are in all points apposite to the

* *La Maison de Campagne.*

present age. There is a tribe of M. M. *Bernard's* in Paris, who, without the least taste for the country, without any means of satisfying it (should that taste spring up), persuade themselves that they are obliged to have a country house to relax from business, and entertain a friend or two with *pot luck*. Upon examination, nothing can be found more ridiculous than this mania, which in our day descends to the poorest class of citizens. The shabbiest mercer of *Quincampoix* street, the meanest clerk in a low office, must be able to talk of "*my country-seat*." It is very true, that by this expression is meant, neither a fine abode on the banks of the Seine or Marne, nor a good farm in the forest of Saint Germain or Fontainebleau, nor even a foot of land in the wood of Meudon, in the valley of Montmorency, or on the hill of Auteuil. What our little cit means by *his country-seat* is about four fathoms square of bog in the *Allée des Veuves*, or more frequently still, a furnished room in the grand street of *Chaillot*.

No. IV.—21st Oct. 1811.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. HERMIT, all the world applies to you for counsel and advice; permit me to do as much, and to put a few questions to you which I desire to have answered, for they relate to a most important matter: you know that our authors speak incessantly of the public, that they appeal to the 'public' judgment, and that *they give their works to the public* (which, by way of parenthesis, does not take all that they give). The public, it may be said, is in some measure the divinity of men of letters: it is the public who introduces them to the temple of glory, and rewards them with the crown of immortality. Like many others, I have sought the favours of this divinity, I have offered my prose and my verse upon his altars. I believed at first that my search had not been made in vain; the journals lately said that I was an author dear to the public; but now things are changed: after thirty years of study devoted to please

him, the Public knows me no more. This would be a fine opportunity for me to rail against ingratitude, and to write a ponderous book upon the instability and vicissitudes of literary renown.

But I rather love to console myself on the bosom of philosophy, which knows how to appreciate every thing according to its just value, and inspires us with resolution to suffer in silence. In my retirement I have reflected much upon the public, and am at this moment sadly at a loss to decide where my notions ought to stop. I hope, Mr. Hermit, that you will deign to resolve my doubts; I hope that you will have the goodness to inform me what the public is, where the public is, in what place he pronounces his decrees, how he matures his decisions? In order to find him must we pass the barriers, or cross the Seine? Is he to be met with at Marais, at the Palais Royal, or at the Chaussée-d'-Antin? Does he form his judgments in Paris or in the provinces? For my part, after the most diligent investigation, I am inclined to believe that he is nothing more than a chimera, which has been conjured up to scare us, and that it is with the public as with those ghosts, of which every body talks, but nobody has ever seen.

You will perhaps, Mr. Hermit, become a convert to my opinion, when you are made acquainted with what befel me in my younger days: I was a candidate to the literary societies, in which I believed the public delivered his oracles; I one day read, in an Athenæum,

a little poem of my own composition ; I observed that I had tired my auditory ; a journal of the following morning did not fail to state that I had given *the public the gapes*. Some time after, I re-read the same poem in another Athenæum, and was excessively applauded by another audience, which was also called the public. I was proud of the plaudits which I had received, but could not forbear saying to myself :—“The public, who, in the same week, is disgusted and delighted with my verses, is very capricious, and perhaps not worth the trouble that I should take in consecrating my labours to him. It is possible, however, said I to myself again, that the public does not deign to reside in an Athenæum.”

I next went to seek the public at the theatre, and I procured my first tragedy to be performed. Judge, Mr. Hermit, of my astonishment at this representation: the boxes hissed, the parterre applauded: they quarrelled,—they fought about my piece; I was almost ashamed of having employed six months of my life in attempting to please a public which could be guilty of such excess. They criticised my tragedy in the journals of the ensuing day: some compared me to Racine, others degraded me beneath the level of Pradon, and yet all of them spoke in the name of the public. “It is possible,” said I to myself, once more, “that the public is as great a stranger at the theatre as at the Athenæum; it is also possible that he

does not pronounce sentence through the medium of the journals."

From this period I resolved to toil no more either for *Atheneums*, or for theatres, or for journals; I devoted myself to a work upon morals. "I shall be tried," said I, "by the wisest of mankind, who will form their opinions of me far from the tumult of society, in the quiet of the closet, and, consequently, without partiality and without passion; it is there, doubtless, that I shall find the public, who ought to select the sages of the world for his interpreters; this once the public fiat upon my book will be consistent, for it is impossible that there can be much diversity of opinion upon the subject of morals." I reasoned thus before my work appeared, and the expected judgment of the public gave me no uneasiness;—but I was again deceived.

My Treatise upon Morals nearly excited a sedition; a great number of readers proclaimed me the benefactor of the age, and of the human race; others accused me of overturning society to its very foundations; the very coldest of my partisans crowned me with laurels, and spoke of raising a statue to me as had been done to Jean Jacques Rousseau; many, who were not of the same way of thinking, assembled every day under my windows, and bellowed aloud that I deserved to be burnt alive for my book upon morals: the contest grew hotter; the parties mutually injured each other in the grossest manner; they even fought about

a book which I had written with the view of restoring the golden age, and perpetuating the joys of peace and union among my fellow creatures.

You will readily guess, Mr. Hermit, that in these traits I did not recognise the public whose suffrages I had contemplated, and whom I had represented to myself as the divinity and oracle of men of letters :—to this good hour I know not what to think of the public ; and I congratulate myself on having forgotten him.

Some describe him as a divine genius who holds in his hands the sword and scales of Themis, weighs the pretensions of authors, and condemns, without appeal, every unworthy production : he is every where at once, and steals a look at every thing. Others represent him as an hideous monster, as huge as Polyphemus, and armed with his club ; a thousand snakes hiss upon his head ; he drags along in his train, rage, and pride, and envy ; the groans and shrieks of self-love are music in his ears ; every evening he immolates a victim at the theatre ; every morning he devours an author for his breakfast. Such are the pictures which imagination draws of the public. For my part, Mr. Hermit, I am unable to form any opinion ; it is not the Coterie which proclaims aloud that it is the public, and which, in this capacity, cites the universe before its petty tribunal : it is not a crowd of people who every day fail in respect to the public, who insult him in the journals, who usurp his name to sanction a

thousand follies; whence I conclude, that if the public did exist, as we are taught to believe, and was really as vicious as has been represented, he would revenge himself for the outrages committed against him every morning in the newspapers, and every evening in our Atheisms, and upon our stage. As for me, I am firmly persuaded this day that the public is nothing more than a fabulous deity; but if you, Mr. Hermit, have met with him any where, I beg you to inform me how he does, and by what sign his judgments may be identified.

INCREDULUS.

We hope the public will not be too much scandalized at this letter, and that it will be merely considered as the angry tirade of a discontented author. M. Incredulus resembles those savages who pay no respect to their idols any longer than they continue to bestow upon them every thing they desire, and who even go the length of drubbing them soundly when they do not listen to their prayers. We shall content ourselves with repeating to M. Incredulus what the poet Lemierre said upon a time to Laharpe: "*Be only successful, and we shall see.*" (*Ayez seulement un succès, et nous verrons.*) Finally, we pray the public to look with a favourable eye upon the Works of M. Incredulus.

No. V.—24th Nov. 1811.

GALLERY OF ORIGINALS.

——Locus est et pluribus umbris.

HOR. EP. I.

Le cadre est vaste, on peut ajouter des portraits.

J.

MONTAIGNE recommends to old men to *retreat from life backwards*: I follow this precept, and willingly retire upon my remembrances; I am too busy for the present, and I never think of the future. Some days ago, sitting by my fire, I amused myself with looking at two old engravings of 1778, one of which represented *a promenade to the Palais Royal*, and the other *an Evening of the Boulevard*. Among the number of particular originals who made themselves conspicuous at this epoch in every place of public resort, I had the sincerity to recognise myself among a small group of young folks, tolerably ridiculous. The malignant design of the painter was the more obvious, because in all France, there was only M. de Conflans and me who wore our hair cropped and without powder, according to the present fashion. This little discovery afforded me extreme pleasure, and recalled to memory a mul-

titude of circumstances and personages that would otherwise have slept for ever in oblivion. The principal figures in our old caricatures have been designed with so much spirit by Dubucourt, that I, without difficulty, recognised the names of all those whom he exhibited on the scene. I was gravely occupied in writing their names on the margin of the print, for the instruction of posterity, when to my great astonishment I beheld the Baron de Kunpipen, with whom I had served in America, and whom family business had brought to Paris after twenty-seven years absence, enter my apartment. ~~We~~ had been most intimate, knew each other when *young and superb*; and our first emotion was to burst into laughter upon mutually observing the changes which time had made. After this little ebullition of philosophical gaiety, we talked over our old customs and old recollections, and I shewed him my two engravings. "That is excellent," said he, "I recognise them all. Observe here the splenetic Marquis de Penille, who was so celebrated for the art of carving at table, and who did to a miracle the honours of suppers to which he was never invited! And this fat Abbé de la Baume, who discovered that the invention of playing cards was the last and noblest effort of human genius! And our Polonese Borosky, always on the eve of his departure, and for twenty years taking leave never to go! And the pretty little Viscount de Leiceuil, who never mounted his horse without being *rouged*,

whose coachman displayed at all seasons an enormous nosegay!"

"We no longer see the like of these in Paris: every person, every habit, every character appears to be cast in the same mould."—"My dear Baron, you form your opinion upon a first glance, or you do not now know the proper places for study; spend the day with me, and I pledge myself to shew you originals who do not yield one iota to those at whose expense we were in our youth so often amused, and among the number of whom we were ourselves sometimes ranged." He accepted my invitation, I dressed, and we sallied forth to breakfast at Tortoni's: it was the hour at which the principal frequenters of that *Capé* were assembled. One of these, leaning upon the counter, chatted with a very pretty little Brunette, who generally filled the place of the mistress of the house. The good demeanour of this young man, a sort of *foreign-ness* (*étrangeté*) in his manners, and of whimsicality in his dress, attracted the attention of the Baron, who took him for the son of some rich banker: "It is impossible to be more completely mistaken (said I to him, as we entered the little saloon on the right, where we were served, slowly enough, with tea and muffins): this person is a foreigner who has resided in Paris twelve years, and whose revenues are founded upon *the love of country*. He thinks it his duty to be always of the same nation or family as those who have a few louis to bestow upon him. Lord M. . . .

lent him last year a hundred guineas upon the credit of the estate of his mother, who he asserted to be an Englishwoman : of Hungarian origin by his father's side he made himself the compatriot of a rich banker of Presburgh, who could not under these circumstances refuse to discount for him a bill of exchange for two thousand florins : one of his Dutch brothers has been worth a hundred ducats to him with the Captain of a privateer of Amsterdam ; and he has for six months been received at the house of the Count de ——— a Russian Colonel, through the merits of an uncle killed in the service of *Paul the first*. Here he is now reading a journal at the next table ; if you are curious to try the experiment upon him yourself, raise your voice a little, say that you are from Munich—we shall see if he has not some Bavarian cousin, by whose means you may in a moment find yourself a kinsman of this numerous family.

“ Do you observe close to the window two men of a certain age, one of whom speaks without ceasing, or even allowing the other a moment to squeeze in an answer ? The folly of the first is a passion to have it believed by all those who lose their time in listening to him, that he has visited all the capitals of Europe, and that he is better acquainted than any body else with the customs of Vienna, London, Madrid : the fact however is, that this honest man never travelled further than from Compeigne to Fontainebleau, in the service of the king's buttry, (Gobolet) of which he was an officer.

By his air of attention you would suppose that the other is listening to him. He does not comprehend one syllable of all that is uttered, entirely occupied as he is with devising the means he shall employ to make it generally known over Paris, that he was yesterday, or will go this evening to a small box at the *Feydeau* with a young beauty of the day. A superannuated adorer of this class of females, whom it is politely agreed to call *gallants*, he is to be found in all places where they assemble, and at all the fetes which they give: he hires two Cabriolet horses every morning in executing their commissions, of which he has made memoranda the evening before; and all this without other interest or other hope than that of exciting envy in some young fellows who do not know the extent of the space which vanity fills in the happiness of an idiot."

Salting forth from Tortoni's, we lounged to the *Palais-Royal*, where I pointed out to my Bavarian, the Patriarch of the ancient Opera-Comique, with his huge protuberance of belly, his large boots, his perriwig over his ears, and his hat over his eyes: he trilled, as he shamled along, the burden of an old ballad, at the same time saluting, right and left, a parcel of fools who followed him clapping their hands.

At two we visited the Coffee House *de la Regence*. Among other characters I directed the Baron's notice to an ancient customer, who, during the space of thirty years, had not failed five times to come at three o'clock, and read

the ~~Notices~~ *Affiches*,* play two games at chess, say something about his friend Fragonard, and extol as chefs-d'œuvre some wretched pictures in a church which he daubed in his youth.

After dining at Beauvilliers, where we did not find those we expected to see, we adjourned to the Opera. . Sitting in the 'Tiring room previous to the rise of the curtain, M. de K. suddenly rises, and runs to embrace an old gentleman, who is walking about with his hands behind his back, in a cloak of quilted taffeta, and who, from his grave demeanor and contemplative air, would be taken for a parliamentary magistrate, or at least for an ancient leader of the order of advocates. "For once, I have met one of ourselves," said the Baron wheeling round to me, "and I can in my turn give you information." You know then

Quel est son rang, sa patrie, et ses dieux ?

his rank, his country, and his gods." "No, But I know what all the world knows, that he is called Saint-Fernance; that he is the Nestor of gallantry; that he is a thorough master of the edifying chronicle of the opera; that there does not adventure forth a young damsel of the *Magazine* with whose success he is not acquainted; that he can tell almost to a *louis*, the state

* Posting bills, such as are stuck on the walls about London, but generally containing an abstract of the principal news of the day from the public journals.

of their resources and expenses, and that from Mlle. Camargo, whose retirement he witnessed, to Mlle. A. . . . the last whose débüt he directed, he is the person to describe by their names, surnames, and qualities, all the dancers who have appeared upon the stage of the opera since the year 1761."—"You might add that he is known to all the world, that he has been seen behind every theatrical curtain in Europe, and that he has been denominated *The Providence of Loves*. But since we are upon the chapters of Originals in the train of the theatres, and may take another opportunity of seeing the *Caravan*, let us now pay a visit to the *Feydeau*. Harken to the description of the person I wish you to see there: with hair dressed *a l'oiseau royal*, hat *a l'écuyère*, coat of celestial blue ornamented with buttons of natural history, two superb watch chains hanging down to within three inches of his knee, a coloured cravat, spyglass in hand, and *solitaire* on finger" We entered the orchestra: our hero was at his post, presenting his glass at all the boxes, not for the purpose of ascertaining the ladies whom he does not know, but to cause his diamond, which he sports with infinite grace, to sparkle and attract notice. If you remark this amusing personage for a little while, you must hear him during the performance, make observations on the piece and on the actors in a loud tone of voice which he addresses to himself. He was in fine cue: this day his dress was more elaborate than usual, and he uttered

such innocent malice, and comic simplicities, that my friend was enchanted to learn that we might enjoy his society till midnight, by following him to the Coffee House, *des Variétés*, whither he never fails to betake himself, when he leaves the Opera-Comique, to peruse the journals with his reading glass in his hand.

Returning home for the night, the Baron (to whom I had yet exhibited only a very small proportion of our richest *Originals*) was compelled to acknowledge that there was still to be found in Paris, *characters* out of the common order, too often at the expense of good sense and of good taste; but almost all of them oddities whom it was entertaining to notice.

No. VI.—30th Nov. 1811.

MANNERS OF THE ANTI-CHAMBER.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures ?

VIRG. ECL. 3.

Que feront les maitres, si les valets se conduisent ainsi ?

What will the masters do, if the footmen behave thus ?

I HAVE read many tréatises on the customs of every age, of every class, of every profession ; yet I know nothing of those of servants : the defenders of ignorance will acknowledge that they are not a whit more elevated on that account. It is remarkable, that of all the sayings, and of all the proverbial expressions to which the manners and the habits of these gentry have given rise, there is not one which redounds to their advantage : we say, *insolent, low, lying, lazy, as a footman : drunken as a coachman ; brutal as a porter ;* and a hundred other comparisons, all as just, and as little complimentary to the persons who fill these stations. A species of valets, of theatrical construction, who never had, and perhaps never will, have their counterparts in the anti-chamber, have been introduced upon the stage by the authors

of ancient and modern comedy. All the valets of Moliere and of Regnard are little prodigies of wit, intrigue, and invention; those of Des-touches and of La Chaussée are, for the most part exemplars of disinterestedness, fidelity and delicacy:—nothing of all this approximates truth. Perhaps, in the wheel of fortune, a young man may engage a *Frontin*, a *Labranche*, as adroit at foiling a creditor as expert at delivering a love-letter; perhaps there may be an example of a servant faithful, devoted, grateful; but these are very rare varieties, and not the natural produce of the species. But be that as it may, it is neither with their vices nor with their good qualities that I have at present any thing to do;—it is only to their faults that I turn my attention. Even these I do not examine with reference to their immediate transactions with their masters, but to the exercise of their duties, and the way in which they fulfil them.

A word or two upon the circumstance which suggested the idea of this article.

One of my fellow citizens and of my oldest friends is now a man of great consequence; merit of every kind has raised him to the eminent situation he occupies, a situation in which he enjoys the inconceivable happiness of having neither rivals nor detractors. He has become rich and powerful, I have remained poor and unnoticed; it belonged to him to renew our intercourse; he had not done so, his occupations prevented him; we had been five years

without seeing each other. A few days ago I received the following note from him:—

“I passed you the other day, and was anxious
“to speak with you: we have for a long time
“been lost to each other; you know my reasons,
“and I am aware of your’s; I have been un-
“happy, and you have been wrong. If con-
“venient, I will expect you to breakfast to-
“morrow; we shall be alone.”

I was not the description of person to be twice entreated; and, entirely occupied with the pleasure promised by this friendly visit, I bent my way towards the hotel de in all the simplicity of my common dress, of which I had not, as will be seen by the sequel, calculated all the inconveniences. The hotel was at a great distance from my residence, at the end of the Faubourg Saint-Honore; I was wiping my brow as I entered the gateway, when a rascal of a footman, romping with a chambermaid, knocked me down in attempting to catch the damsel who had, most unceremoniously, taken refuge behind my body. Instead of the apologies which I expected, our humourist, after measuring me with his eye from head to foot, tossed his long cane into the air, and went off in a roar of laughter, without waiting for the chastisement which I intended to bestow upon him. I advanced into the court, looking about for the porter’s lodge;—a groom, who was employed in washing a carriage, splashed me all over; I was angry, and all the answer I obtained to the reproaches with which I loaded

him for his awkwardness, was a shout in the voice of a Stentor: "*Complain to the keeper.*" This gentleman opened a large glass door, which led to the Peristyle; and, in the most arrogant tone, demanded why I entered without speaking to any body; I constrained myself to answer him coolly, that there was no inscription to designate the porter's lodge. "That is because there is neither *lodge* nor *porter* here, but a *keeper's-house*, d'ye hear?"—"Keeper's house be it (though this designation is not applicable to you); but yet have the goodness to tell me where it is to be found; and as for you, with your black velvet cap, and your flowered dressing gown, you are more like"

"Hold your tongue; what do ye want?"—"Your master."—"His Excellency?"—"Yes; his Excellency, the Count de my friend, with whom I came to breakfast, and to whom I will speak a couple of words on the insolence of his people."—"Sir, you will pardon us; it was because"

"I know, it was because my umbrella shewed that I had not come in a carriage; but where would be the inconvenience of being polite even to persons who walk?" Saying this, I ascended the grand staircase, and reached the first anti-chamber, in the midst of five or six lacqueys, one of whom was engaged in brushing a coat, another dressing his head; these cleaning *quinquets*.*

* Lamps, so called from a celebrated maker of that name in Paris.—Tr.

and those playing picquet on the stove. None of them put themselves in the least out of the way. "Pray Sir, shut the door," said one of the players to me.—"No, I desire that you will open the other for me." "What do you say? *three Aces.*"—"The Count."—"He is not visible *five for the Queen.*" "I have an appointment with him."—"That won't do. Is it an appointment by letter?"—"Tis no business of your's; let me speak with a valet-de-chambre."

I entered the second room, where I was received in a manner altogether as cavalier by the valets-de-chambre, who were reading the newspapers. As they continued this occupation in my presence, I snatched the journal from the hand of a reader, and ordered him to announce me. A little surprised at my tone and impatience, "his Excellency," said he, "does not receive any one till two o'clock."—"Nobody?"—"No, Sir, nobody, except one of his friends whom he expects to breakfast."—"And suppose that were me!"—"You Sir?" (always casting a glance towards my umbrella)—"Yes me—go, and announce M. de Tr" He instantly stepped before me with a profound bow; one of his comrades, after having, with much respect, taken my great coat and the unlucky umbrella, hastened to open the velvet-covered door which led to the Count's cabinet, while a third followed me with a large billet under his arm (according to the old custom, which for every distinguished visitor puts ano-

ther billet on the fire). The master of the house received me in the most affectionate manner; I embraced him with all my heart, and then we came to the chapter of reproaches, which he finished by saying that we ought to know how to love our friends even in their prosperity; a precept very easily practised, if all men *smitten* with prosperity conducted themselves with as much propriety as my illustrious fellow citizen. It is neither connected with my subject, nor is it my intention to discuss this delicate question at present; I revert to the reception which I had met in the hall, the ill humour occasioned by which had not been dissipated by that which succeeded it in the anti-chamber. I mentioned it to the Count: he took up the matter much too seriously, and wished to discharge all those who had given me any cause of complaint. I succeeded, however, in appeasing him, by making him observe, that to consider it as a crime in servants to be deficient in respect and attention towards a man who had neither exterior nor title to recommend him, would be to require more from valets than was common from their masters, and I concluded by asking pardon for their insolence for the sake of the *bon ton*.

After a laugh at the *bon ton* of lacqueys, we were however fain to agree that the anti-chamber had also its rules and ceremonies, and that more were not to be met with, even in Paris, except in a very small number of houses. I mentioned, among other inconveniences which

I daily witnessed, the custom which permitted livery servants to enter the saloons, the duties of which ought to be solely performed by valets-de-chambre; of getting up to sit in style behind the carriage, without bags, and sometimes even in boots; of not rising in the anti-chamber, when visitors came in or walked through them; of announcing the service of company, (*que l'on est servi*) in many great houses to the master, and not as it ought to be done, to the mistress of the house; and of a thousand other irregularities, more or less offensive, from all of which M. A , and I came to the conclusion, that we were on the eve of relapsing into an age of barbarism.

On leaving the hotel de ——— I had to complain of an excess of civility on the part of the attendants, which was to me still more odious and intolerable than the opposite extreme. The whole household were on their legs; two valets-de-chambre helped me on with my great coat; the lacqueys waited upon me to the very bottom of the staircase, opening all the doors as we went on; orders had been given—the carriage waited under the Peristyle; the footmen threw open the door; the Swiss,* in his leathern belt and hat in hand, stupified himself with the number of low bows with which he saluted me; and I exclaimed with Juvenal, while I cast a look upon all these gentry,

Maxima quæque domus servis est plena superbis.

* The porter, alias "keeper."

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

Our ladies having borrowed a part of their dress from the queens of the house of Medicis, even in our days give themselves up to some of their usages. It is known that the mother of Charles IX. called a famous astronomer to her court, whose advice and predictions had it is probable no inconsiderable influence upon the conduct of this superstitious queen. This custom was also introduced at the court of Henry IV. and Mary de Medicis had the cards drawn at least once a month by the intriguing and unfortunate Galigai. In our time, Fabre d'Eglantine intending to expose this miserable absurdity, has only made it the fashion. There lives in Paris a modern Sybille, whose character and means of existence are solely built upon the childish credulity of women of the higher order in society, and upon the curiosity of persons who, like ourselves, have been desirous of ascertaining exactly the quantity of impudence and folly requisite for the establishment of such an imposture in a great city, at the commencement of the 19th century. It is neither in the grove of Dodona, nor under the mysterious vaults of a temple, that the Pytho-ness dwells; her abode is in the centre of Paris, in the Rue de Tournon, at the enigmatical sign of the *office for general correspondence* (Bureau de correspondance générale). The reader turns from our page in terror, fancying

no doubt that this correspondence is carried on with Satan, Moloch, Asmodeus, or Belphegor ; we beg of them to be composed ; the Parisian sorceress corresponds only with ladies, with gentlemen so replete with the spirit of gallantry as even to imitate their weakness, and, more than all the rest, with coachmen, lacqueys, and chambermaids. It is not so easy as might be imagined to obtain admission into her presence ; above twenty equipages, each more splendid than the other, obstruct the avenues of the temple ; and though she must know to whom she speaks, from her magical powers of information, it is a still more certain way to take a few hours beforehand to reconnoitre and gather intelligence. It is not therefore customary to obtain the honour of an audience till you pay your second visit. A footman introduces you to a saloon superbly decorated, and precisely at the appointed hour the enchantress appears, and the charm begins. What a moment ! the past, the present, and the future are about to be placed before your eyes, by means of a simple game at cards. It is but the truth however to state, that these cards are much larger than those in common use, and are chequered on the back with hieroglyphics. The magician shuffles them, muttering to herself in a manner the most edifying, and then packs them according to the learned combinations of the *Etteilla* : a little after, when the secret agents have done their business properly, you learn that you are young or old, married or single ;

that you have spent a troublesome youth, &c.; but taking all in all, as the past is of small importance, that portion of your fate is slid over very lightly. As for the future, that is another sort of thing : they conceal nothing of it from you, especially if you resort to *the grand game*, which costs a louis. We were ourselves content with the *little* ; and what could you wish to know for six francs ? For this much, have we learnt *that it will not be long before we are married, that we shall have a family of children, that we shall not be able to rear them all, that we shall encounter cruel losses, but that we shall acquire an immense fortune.* When we remarked to the lady that these prophecies, the last excepted, had all been realised for more than ten years, she threw the blame upon the errors of the *little game*, which was not infallible with respect to the future. We did not however think it worth while at this period to be told more, and having meditated upon this prediction, and upon the favourite formulæ of the prophetess, "*you understand me well, you conceive,*" we quitted her abode, convinced with Aly, that

Les esprits dont on nous fait peur
Sont des meilleures gens du monde.

day that it has been my lot to witness one of her most surprising caprices.—This little private adventure makes part of a general picture;—it may amuse my readers; I shall relate it, begging them not to search for the moral in the result.

I happen to have a domestic, gifted, among other qualities, with such rare punctuality, that in time of need, he might serve at sea as a chronometer to ascertain the longitude.—He is in the habit of entering my room every morning, exactly at seven o'clock, to light my fire.—On Tuesday last he did not come till half-past seven; I concluded that something extraordinary had happened—it will be seen I was not deceived.

I beg permission to assume for a moment the form of dialogue, that I may give our conversation with all its spirit. “You are late Paul: what has happened?”—“Happened! I have for half an hour been considering how to tell you, Sir.”——“What?” “That I am about to quit you.”—“And why?” “Because I am going to marry the fruit woman hard by.”—“But neither of you have any thing?” “Pardon me, Sir—we have put into the Lottery.”—“That is one chance more than *Jaannot*, who hoped to gain by not putting into it at all; but still this is not what can be called a fortune realised.” “Sir, you would be very right if our neighbour, after eating a hare-rageo with me, had not dreamt of *wolves and dirty water*; circumstances which infallibly point out that

No. 3, 6, and 1, upon which we have laid out thrice the sum of six francs, will be drawn prizes. This sum, according to the calculations of the receiver of duties, ought to produce us 33,000 francs, one-half of which forms the dower of my wife, and the other half my patrimony. Each of us contributes five or six thousand francs to purchase the small stock of a confectioner, which we have in view, and perhaps, Sir, you may be disposed to assist us in getting custom, by speaking a word or two in your *bulletin* about my abilities in making ices."—I here interrupted the fellow to tell him the story of the *country girl and her milk pail*; but while he jested on the foolish hopes of the milk-maid, who constructed her fortune on so slender a foundation, it never occurred to him that I was raising a doubt as to the fate of the three tickets, not only announced by the dream of the *wolves and dirty water*, but confirmed by meeting on his way to the lottery-office, a hackney coach numbered 613, in which he found the numbers 3, 6, and 1.—I wished to convince the poor lad that he was the dupe of the most absurd prejudice; I assured him that all medical men (except Doctor Pedro Rezi, physician of the island of Barataria, of which Sancho was governor) would declare to him that the flesh of a hare had no prophetic virtue; that there was nothing in common, at least in the sense which he understood it, between wolves, dirty water, and the lottery?—I could not even make him comprehend that it would be better to

defer till after the drawing of the lottery those purchases and preparations which were proceeding on the supposed certainty of the prize. His confidence appeared so firmly established, I had so little at the instant to reply to the answer which he made to my objection, "Master will see if I do not gain," that, despairing of recalling him to reason, I sought to amuse myself with his folly.—The following day was that fixed for the drawing of the lottery; I promised to be present.—To give my curiosity an occasion, and not a greater interest, I entered by the *private* door, into one of the lottery-offices in the street of Faubourg Mount-martre, at the sign of the *cornu-copia*; two young girls were employed in decorating it with bunches of roses and garlands of oak leaves: *three Clarinets*, and the *Great Chest* of the section were drinking in a corner, to the account of the produce of the show, while a tall boy, of clever appearance, decorated with the garlands of these damsels, the picture frame destined to contain the statement of the sums gained, and of the Numbers of the tickets drawn.

After having taken and paid by a *petitecu* for a *billet ready made*, the validity of which was warranted to me by one of the girls, who chose it for me herself, I took my way towards the street *Neuve-des-Petits-Champs*, reflecting that every state has its peculiar charlatanism.—The crowd announced to me that I was near the temple of Fortune. An ill-natured moralist would not have failed to deduce some fine ora-

torical notions from the position of this temple, close by a common sewer;—but for my part, I recollected the fine lines of Horace upon the goddess of Antium, and I muttered—

O Diva gratum quæ regis Antium,
Præsens vel imo tollere de gradu
Mortale corpus, vel superbos
Vertere funeribus triumphos.

At the bottom of a narrow alley, I entered a rather spacious court, one of the sides of which presented a great pediment, as the finishing of a large gate in the antique style.—The centre part of the pediment enclosed a frame-work, destined to exhibit the numbers that were drawn, for the purpose of their being proclaimed in the hall: in front of this gate a crowd of commissioners were assembled, to copy the lists which they hawk about the streets, before the offices can communicate them officially.

Having with much difficulty reached the great room, I perceived my servant at the other end of it; but it was quite impossible for me to penetrate to him. To make the best of my position, while waiting for the ceremony, I could do no better than listen to the conversations near me: the subject of the whole of them was the cause that had induced each of my neighbours to try his luck. He on my right hand was, as he told me, an honest hosier in Bear-street, who had for two years adventured in the lottery, with the intention of employing his prizes in the establishment of a ma-

gasin de Nouveautes in the Rue Vivienne. On my left was a young and handsome linen-weaver, who founded upon his chance the hope of being able to establish a fashionable shop under the *galleries des Bois* in the Palais Royal. A few paces further off, a tall thin man, who from his appearance I should have known to be a gambler by profession, complained of having deranged a *martingale** which brought him a *louis* per day, to follow 77, which counts 118 drawings of *vieillesse*. He talked so rapidly of *series* and *intermittences* that it was impossible for me to ascertain the reason why a fat woman before me was on the point of pulling caps with a female near her, when all at once a signal announced the moment of drawing, and bade the tumult cease.

Two servants in livery opened a door which covered a kind of theatre:—it was there that the oracles of chance were placed. A child clothed in blue, with a red girdle, blindfolded, and of an appearance quite mythological, was mounted upon a table beside an enormous wheel of fortune, ornamented with glass between the spokes: he drew successively the ninety numbers; unfolded one after the other, called with a loud voice, held them up to the view of the public, and closed them up again in a pasteboard case of the same form and

* A Martingale is a cant phrase in gaming, for risking at one stake the whole amount of preceding losses. Some of the other slang expressions of this worthy are unsusceptible of translation.

weight, when they were again thrown by another child into a wheel resembling the former. These preliminaries completed, the drawing began, and the most absolute silence all at once pervaded the tumultuous assembly. The five successful numbers were drawn one after the other, and repeated at the same instant, and as if by magic, in a *bas relief* at the other end of the hall. Each annunciation excited a murmur in which two parties were distinguished, like the chorus of an opera;—that of hope disappointed in the chromatic style, and that of hope realised in a lively and brilliant tone. It is here that an artist should come to study nature, to observe all the movements, all the expressions of which the human countenance is susceptible. Among so many countenances discomposed by sorrow, I was exceedingly curious to examine that of my ambitious valet. I had not paid much attention to the numbers drawn: when judge my surprise to see my man, naturally very dull and very serious, his face now beaming with joy, capering like a madman, with a little round woman hanging on his arm! By one of those chances that disconcert all the rules of prudence, all the reasonings of wisdom, he had gained his *terne**, and made his fortune. I was still in the humour for giving him a sermon; but he was not in the humour for listening. I

* The *terne* in the French lottery gives the highest prize, and is determined by the consecutive drawing of three chosen numbers.

contented myself for congratulating him on being more lucky than wise. He was followed with acclamations to the street, the cavalcade attended him to the door of his bride, at whose house he on the same evening gave a supper, where, as may readily be believed, hare ragout was not forgotten. Paul is an honest fellow: his good fortune rejoices me; but I could have wished that he had owed it to other circumstances.

No. VIII.—10th Dec. 1811.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.*

THE BOULEVARTS.

IF certain reformers were listened to, Paris would soon be submitted to regulations as severe as those of the Order of La Trappe. Some wish carriages to be prohibited, to the effect that people who walk may do so with greater comfort; others wish that horses should not be allowed to go quicker than at a walking pace;

* These follow another paper, occupied with indifferent correspondence, which are omitted, as uninteresting to the English reader.

Translator.

these would have the streets transformed into canals ; those again complain that the fountains flow day and night. Some persons, probably from having had their chins scratched by a racket, break forth against the players at shuttlecock before doors, and they even go the length of a declaration of war against those little troops of ballad singers and jugglers that enliven the *boulevarts* from the Temple of Glory all the way to the Arsenal, under the pretext that they obstruct people on business—that they favour the designs of pick-pockets, and the projects of some nocturnal beauties. But can such slight inconveniences, in so great a city, counterbalance the advantages afforded by these spectacles to the thousands of people belonging to the lower classes of society, at an expense so small, and as a relaxation in the evening from their hard work ? We will not dissemble the pleasure which we ourselves receive from slipping about among the curious groups that gather round these operators, of whom one offers you an *incomparable dentifrice* ; another a *scouring stone* which would restore the linen *envelope* of an Egyptian mummy to its original colour ; a third, a *pomatum* by means of which hair may be made to grow in the twinkling of an eye,—*the whole to be had for the trifling sum of a couple of sous*. How is it possible to pass without notice these rivals of Beaumé and Klaproth established for some days on the boulevard *Poisonniere* ?

It is with the simple apparatus of a table, a bottle and some glasses, that this first-rate chemist demonstrates the properties of acids, and by means of a solution of tournesol and a little vinegar, pours out from the same phial a liquor which assumes in succession the colour of wine, beer, cyder, and brandy. At the distance of a few paces may be seen those two little girls who earn their subsistence by the facility which they have acquired of whirling each other round for a whole hour with incredible velocity. Further on is a whole family, from the grandfather to the infant just taken from the cradle, who execute upon the faded remains of a *Bergame* carpet, feats of *tumbling*, which amuse while they make us shudder. Join to these ballad singers the Barbary organ, to which is sung the romance of the *flower gardener*—the physician who demonstrates the properties of the Leyden phial—the buffoon who chaunts the *Bourbonnaise*;—the temples of *Pestum* in shabby earthenware;—the ship *Majestic* in coloured glass;—mountebanks, puppets, the bustle of four theatres, and one hundred and eight coffee houses lighted up like ball rooms;—one may then have some notion of the spectacle which the boulevarts present, and dissent from the opinion of these cynics who propose to banish so many charming objects, with the design of making a promenade as majestic and as gay as the grand alley of the Luxemburg.

No. IX.—17th Dec. 1811.

THE DAY OF A TICKET PORTER.*

O curas hominum ! O quantum est in rebus inane.

PERS. SAT. I.

Que de soins on prend, que de peine on se donne
pour les choses frivoles.

What cares do we encounter, what pains undergo,
for frivolous things !

It is not to the rich alone, that Paris is a land of milk and honey, (*un pays de Cocagne*) but to those also who know how to use the advantages and enjoyments, which this town presents to them, in whatever situation their lot may be cast. Like many others, I too have passed through all the degrees of good and bad fortune, and I am not quite sure, that I have been more happy with sixty thousand livres a year, in a fine hotel of the faubourg Saint Germain, than I have since been in my fourth floor in St. Lazarus-street. I had then, instead of a number of servants, my door-keeper, that light-

* *Commissionaire*. They wear badges like those in London ; and abound at the corners of the principal streets.

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ed my fire, prepared my breakfast, and arranged my room as well as the most clever valet-de-chambre. I had no longer in my retinue, or rather in my pay, two or three very useless servants, who disputed with each other for the honour of attending me in the worst manner; but for fifteen sous I had at my command every morning a little *commissionnaire* very intelligent, very neat, and very honest. I had no longer any carriage at my service, but two or three steps from me, I found twenty coaches on the public stand; I the less regretted the loss of my cook, when I remembered that from day-break a hundred tavern-keepers, in all corners of Paris, were engaged not only to prepare my dinner, but to provide for the slightest caprices of my appetite.

I have discovered, in the mediocrity of my fortune (on which I repose with as much voluptuousness as Horace,) an advantage which the turn of my mind and of my taste makes me value very highly: it is that of putting myself, (if I may be allowed the expression) into contact with all classes of society, and of being able to embrace, at one glance, the interval which separates extreme poverty from extreme opulence. I have made it my study, and at the same time my pleasure, to observe the manners, and to sketch a portrait of the present day, and this task imposes upon me the obligation of stopping with equal interest in palaces and in huts; of visiting magazines, shops and stalls; of dining alternately in the saloons

Beauvilliers and the eating house of La Courtille; of spending one evening in the dress boxes of the opera, and the next in the gallery of the Ambigu; of smoking my pipe in the coffee room of the Hameau, after just having taken an ice in the Café de Roi. This variety of manners, languages, habits, composes a true moral panorama, which under the hand of a skilful painter would include a proper arrangement of the whole population of Paris.

The whole science of observation, seems to me, to reduce itself into two points; to hear what the rich say, and to make the poor speak. Faithful to this maxim, I never omit entering into conversation, whenever an opportunity presents itself, with coach-men, water-carriers, old elphasmens; all people that have much to tell, because they have seen much. More than once these dialogues have furnished me with a proof that fortune, in distributing places, sometimes commits very gross mistakes. The man that has just now left me as an example of this, and a being who with respect to his language, his character, and his sentiments, one would never expect to encounter at the corner of a street.

This *commissaire* brought me a letter; I seized it without raising my eyes, and contented myself with saying, that no answer was wanted. Astonished to observe that he did not go, I fancied that he might be deaf, and I repeated with a louder voice, that no answer was wanted. "I hear you very well, Sir," said he smiling,

"but I also see that you do not remember me,"
—"No friend,"—"Yet I have run many messages for you; when you lived in St. Lazarus-street: it is true that this is a long time ago; I was then only sixteen years old."—"How! is it possible that you are the little boy?"—"who carried your notes without any direction every morning to that pretty lady in St. Florentine-street. Solely by the manner, in which the chambermaid gave the answer into my hands, I knew already if you would pay me my commission doubly."—"You have a good memory, my poor Chambéri!"—"If you want me during the day or the night, Sir, you have only to speak; I am not quite so quick as I was, but perhaps in writing to ladies, you do not require still that I should return with so much speed."
"Ah! no, my boy; all my commissions, too, are now of the same price. But let us talk of yourself; you have not changed your situation, I believe, though the opportunity would have been favourable."—"I have always been contented with the present one; I love independence; and to be nobody's servant, I have become that of all the world."—"Then your affairs thrive well?"—"I live; and I find means, at the end of the year, to have three or four Napoleons d'or saved: but there are bad days: yesterday, for example . . . that cursed day! I'll not forget it as long as I live."—"Take a glass of wine and tell me about it."—"This is my story of yesterday. At six o'clock in the morning, a little lady of Traversere-street sent

for me, she charged me to go to meet a young gentleman, who was to arrive at Paris in two hours upon the road from Lyons, and to deliver to him a note of *the greatest importance*. Furnished with my instructions, I post myself at the barrier; I wait, nobody comes; I return to the lady; the house was all in an uproar; the young man, having arrived by a different road, had been received by the husband in slippers, whom he imagined to be at a great distance, and the explanation between them, was so sharp, that I took good care not to go in to ask for my money.

"I returned to my post; on my way I was stopped to assist a miniature painter, in removing. I mount five pair of stairs in Moon-street; --I agree upon the price, and descend loaded with the whole furniture of the young artist, but at the bottom of the staircase, the wine merchant takes two chairs and a pier glass, from me, to pay, as he says, a small bill, that the painter forgot to discharge. The tailor, the butcher, the washer-woman waited in the court; they follow the example of the wine merchant; each seizes some piece of furniture, and in the twinkling of an eye, the removal was accomplished. The poor youth, witness of his disaster, bore it with great good humour, and went off laughing with his box of colours under his arm, to finish the portrait of an actress of the Ambigu, to the payment of which, I have been referred for my wages. When I left him, a young man, that had just stepped out of a hired

chaise, where he was seated with a little woman of a very droll figure, came to me, delivered to me *a case* in red morocco leather, bought at Garnesson's, and after having taken the number of my badge, desired me to take that box to a Pawn-broker's in the neighbourhood, to borrow sixty francs upon it, and to bring them to him at La Galiote's, in the room No. 15. The money-lender, to whom I addressed myself, after having examined the security, would not lend me more than a dozen of francs; a second was not more generous: I did not accept of a sum so small, and went to la Galiote's to give the young gentleman an account of the small success of my message. The waiter brought the bill for breakfast; it amounted to thirty-two francs; my employer had relied upon the pawn-broker for discharging it. Deprived of this resource, all was to be confessed to the young lady, who, to escape from la Galiote's, was obliged to leave her shawl as a pledge. This commission did not bring me more than the others.

"I began to become ill-humoured, when a gentleman approached me on the boulevard, asked if I was strong enough to carry twelve thousand francs in crown-pieces; I answered in the affirmative, and walked on with him towards the hotel Grange-Batelière, with a firm belief that this job would indemnify me for all the former. We ascend to the rooms of a German baron, who receives us in the most brutal manner; he pretends that we did not honestly gain from him the sum, that we claimed, and

finally proposes to give us two hundred louis, in notes payable in six months. We were obliged to be contented. He, who had carried me thither, left the room, declaiming 'against the *indelicacy* of gamblers in our days, who do not scruple to pay the bills of the baker and the butcher, in preference to the sacred debts of the gaming table, which were formerly cleared in twenty-four hours.' Saying these words my friend leaves me, and disappears like lightning. I did not lose my time in running after him.

"Night was come; it was very rainy; I left my braces, to take an umbrella to attend the walkers coming out from the theatre des Variétés: before the end of the last piece, a military man committed a young girl of sixteen or seventeen years to my care, desiring me to accompany her to the Rue Grenier-St.-Lazare. She was a very nice little mantua-maker; the poor child accelerated her march as much as she could, asking me at every step what o'clock it was. We arrived at last; she knocks at the entrance of a court; the door opens, and while she is employed in searching her pocket for money, her father who had been waiting for her in the porter's lodge, bursts upon us with an explosion so terrible, that without thinking of my wages, the door was slapped in my face, and I was left in the street a good deal more distressed at the damsel's mishap, than my own."

"I am not easily discouraged;—it was eleven o'clock—I had a last resource and instantly restored to it;—with a light in my hand I went

to the *rue Bons-Enfants*, to the door of gaming house, in the hope of being employed by some lucky player, whose generosity would repay me for the whole day.

"About two o'clock in the morning, a stout man appears wrapped up in a great coat; I asked the usual question:—*Will the gentleman have a light?* 'Come, march on, you rascal!' answered he.—This apostrophe seemed to me, a good omen, (there are so many people insolent in their prosperity!) I took it as an order, and trotted away before this grandee to the end of the *rue Neuve St.-Eustace*: he knocked repeatedly at the door of a furnished lodging; while the porter was rousing to open the door, I asked fifteen sous for my errand: '*fifteen sous!*' answered the man in a voice like thunder, '*if the Passe-dix* had left me fifteen sous, I would have spent it on soup, instead of hiring a light.*' Having said this, he shut the door and I return sadly to my abode, thinking, by way of consolation, that days succeed, but do not resemble each other."—"Here is a proof of it," (said I to this brave fellow, putting a Napoleon d'or into his hand), "Come again to see me my lad, you are honest, gay and witty;—it is only people like you that ought to come to my hermitage in whatever garb they appear; and this is the reason I see so few people."

* *Passe-dix*, a game of chance, played with three dice.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

A person who had only one day to spend in Paris, might, without quitting the *Palais Royal* form a tolerably exact idea of the resources, advantages and inconveniences of this immense capital.—The garden—the galleries—the coffee-houses—the gaming-houses enclosed within the precincts of the Palais, present, at every hour of the day, pictures whose chief merit consists in their variety.—Towards nine in the morning, in fine weather, politicians assemble near the Rotunda, and for the moderate contribution of one sous are made acquainted with the news that are to form the subject of the day's conversation.

At ten o'clock the coffee-house *de Chartres* begins to be filled with men of business who come to breakfast *a la fourchette*, and to wait there till the hour when the office opens. From noon till three o'clock at the *Lembou* coffee-house, those who are called the frequenters of the Palais Royal assemble, to repair afterwards to the different receptacles of business and pleasure of which this place is composed.—At four o'clock the garden walks can scarcely contain the crowd of merchants—trading agents—and courtiers—who, too much squeezed in the Virginia passage, can here more freely regulate the *Amsterdam banco*, the rate of the public

funds, and the price of colonial produce.—At five o'clock the seats in the same alleys are partly occupied by those poor devils who are on the watch for the passing of some friend, or some dupe, on whose purse they found their hopes of a dinner.—At seven o'clock those who have been fortunate at play, and foreigners who have dined at *Naudet's* or at the *Progres-Provençaux*, come to complete their repast under the Rotunda of the *Caveau* with ices, liqueurs, or Roman punch.—In the evening the promenade of the garden, if the weather be fine—or the arcades, in case it rains—are reserved for the restless idlers, who have spent the morning in vain exertions to procure admissions to the theatres *gratis*, or for the young country fellows, who are quite surprised at the sudden impression they make on the fair damsels who people this retreat;—for the inhabitants of the *Marais* or the *Pays-latin* who come on a party of pleasure to eat ices in the *Café de Fci*. Finally from midnight till two o'clock, the Lyonese coffee-house, and that of the *Empire*, are the resort of a crowd of persons, the majority of whom would hesitate to give an account of the way in which they had spent the day.

After having cast a glance upon the *Palais-Royal* and its frequenters, I shall draw a sketch of the garden of the *Tuileries*.—This promenade, the finest and most crowded in Paris, has, like all others, its particular visitors, who succeed each other at different hours. About seven o'clock in the morning, when the gates are

opened, it is not uncommon to observe young men who have quarrelled at some public place, enter two by two, to meet their adversaries at *Godeau's* coffee-house, a proceeding which most commonly ends in a mutual explanation. At ten o'clock, some actors come to study their parts in the shade of the side walks.—Towards mid-day a swarm of those damsels whose only business is to improve their complexions, disperse themselves in the principal walks, where they seat themselves negligently, with a book in their hands, waiting for the arrival of those new comers, whose conquest they meditate.—At four o'clock, young men in their riding dresses, and belles in negligens returning from the *Bois de Boulogne*, come to wait for the hour when it is time to repair to the toilette.—At six o'clock the picture changes;—the walks and grass plots are covered with nursery maids and children;—and while the little brats are shouting innocently on the turf, their young governautes are listening to the gallant proposals, of amorous advances of the lovers in livery, who accompany them. At seven o'clock, all the politicians of the *Faubourg Saint-Germain*,—the tenants of *Lille-street*—and old pensioners, assemble on the *Petite-Provence*, where they converse,—clearing their brains with immense pinches of snuff—about the progress of the *Louvre*—the length of the bridge of *Jena*—the height of the *Seine*—the variations of *Chevalier's* thermometer,—perfectly aware that at nine o'clock their places will be given up to

little milliners, who have just then quitted their work rooms to rejoin some lawyer's clerks escaped from their desks.—Ten o'clock strikes, and the beat of drum gives the happy lovers signal to retreat.—Here I have only presented groups;—but what a nice varied picture might be made out of *one single day in the Garden of the Tuilleries*—it would furnish a subject for another. LE SAGE!

No. X.—21st Dec. 1811.

THE ALMANACKS.

Nugis addere pondus.

HOA. EP. XIX.

• CONFINED to my easy chair by rheumatism, (which I would have cured, in my youth, with a bowl of punch instead of the pearl barley which my physician now prescribes for me) I had nothing better to do than to turn over the leaves of the new Almanacks which my bookseller had just brought to me.

Casting my eye over the catalogue of novelties which he had left on my table, it was not without astonishment that I counted *sixty-two Almanacks*,—the greater part lyrical (*chantans*.)

But why so many songs? Great effects suppose great causes;—great products, great wants.—Now how does it happen that the fabricators of couplets increase in the same proportion that the consumption of them diminishes.

For example, we shall have, this season, six or seven thousand new songs (I reckon in this number the contingent of the provincial Almanacks); but for whom do these indefatigable song-makers work?—The people in the country ale-houses sing nothing but the old ditties, consecrated from time immemorial to celebrate their pleasures. In saloons nothing is sung now except grand Italian airs, the expression of which is so much the more admirable because no other words are used in them but:—*Dolce amore, mio bene, la mia felicità*.—If, now and then, at the end of a concert, some young ladies still venture to *sigh out* a French romance, it is only out of respect to *Plantade* or *Dominique* their masters.—and apologising for it to the assembly, which would attach much more value to a *trille* (I would not be listened to if I were now to call it a *cadence*) than the most ingenious or delicate thought. I compare these numerous almanacks of our days, filled with anacreontics—erotics—satirics—and gastronomics, to these vast English magazines in which bales of goods are confusedly piled up for want of a market, and are every day losing their value.

It may be objected, that comparison is not reason—and that these collections must be sold

since they are printed, and increase in number every year;—but the great vent for almanacks (the most economical of all Christmas Boxes) does not suppose a demand for the songs, and only proves that it is more easy to produce a collection of lyrical follies than nonsense of any other kind.

It is a fact that there is now less singing, much less than formerly, (taking the word *singing* in its old acceptation) and for this simple reason, that we are less gay;—and we are less gay because dinners at six o'clock, prolonged till eight, have brought on the suppression of suppers, and must ultimately bring on the ruin of great spectacles, to which several other circumstances concur.—I shall not now encumber myself with a subject which I mean some day thoroughly to discuss, by recalling those *petits soupers* which the good Carmontelle enlivened by his proverbs,—Musson by his wit—and Dugazon by his anecdotes.—I shall recal, with still greater pleasure, those which the elder Collé rendered so delightful by his amorous songs, which *the censor would not permit to pass*, but which jovial company sometimes allowed.—I think I still see him with his black velvet dress, his round wig and his parrot nose, drawing mysteriously from his pocket a manuscript inclosed in a flexible morocco cover, and maliciously choosing one of those pretty songs which ladies could only listen to behind their fans, but which were so spirited, graceful, and gay, that it was impossible not to excuse their licentious-

ness. This custom of singing in the evening at table, prevailed among all classes: in our times nothing would appear more ridiculous.

If we except a few mechanics who, while they work, chaunt the romance whose tune they have learned by listening to Barbary organs, and some children who psalmodise to their parents verses taken from the *Parnassus of Sentiment*, there is no longer any singing at Paris but on the 20th of every month, at the *Rocher de Cancale*.

This remark does not prevent me from agreeing to the progress made by our literature—in almanacks.

In my youth, the presents I received every New Year's Day, consisted of pretty Christmas boxes, the only ornaments of which were some coarse engravings, and red sheep skin binding. The inside contained some addresses, two or three fashionable *vaudevilles*, and a calendar which contained—the *phases of the moon*—and the *ecclesiastical computation*—and the *moveable feasts*.—Still there are different sorts of almanacks, though they are not all equally fit for gifts. For instance, it is usual on the first day of the year that the *toilette*, the *vide-poche*, the *bonheur du jour* of a young lady should be filled with almanacks, but you will not find among them either the *Chansonnier des Variétés*, which common paper and bad printing renders more worthy of figuring in subaltern receptacles:—nor *La Lyre d'Anacréon*, the delight of milliners;—nor *l'Almanach de Famille*, the resource

of governesses and tutors ;—nor the *Chanson-nier des Grâces*, in spite of its title.—The almanacks of good taste which are alone admitted to the honour of the closet are—*le Petit Almanach des Dames*, *l'Almanach dédié aux Demoiselles*, *l'Almanach de la Cour et de la Ville*, *l'Almanach dédié aux Dames*, and ten or twelve others recommended by similar qualities ;—that is to say, the beauty of the engravings, of the type and of the paper, by the richness of the binding, in which mohair, tabby, and morocco, are displayed in a hundred ways.

But this renown is only short-lived ! Scarcely have these proud almanacks shone a few days in the white and perfumed hands of the fair lady to whom they have been presented as a proof of the adoration of her admirers ;—scarcely has Twelfth Day arrived when these beautiful little books are abandoned to children, or pass from the saloon to the anti-chamber, where their ornamented leaves and splendid binding still, for a few moments, amuse some lazy footman.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

How much preferable is the less brilliant but more certain existence of the good *Almanach de Gotha*, which for sixty years has peaceably vegetated in Germany ; by means of which there is no German baron who cannot in time of need establish his genealogy with as much authenticity as if he pretended a mobiliary chart from the time of Rodolph of Hapsburg ! The editor

of this Almanack has the means of acquiring a great fortune (I do not pretend to say he makes use of them;) as he keeps a register of the age of all the princesses of Europe, it is possible that he may not always record literally the dates of their births, and that he may retrench for the benefit of some high and mighty dames the years lavished upon them by time.

The first and best Almanack is still the *Almanach des Muses*, fallen as it is from its primitive splendour. It is not now adorned with the names of Voltaire, of Gresset, of Colardeau, of Bertin, of Leonard, of Gilbert; but like these inheritors of high birth, who bear in obscurity a name rendered illustrious by their ancestors, and who still enjoy their prerogatives, the *Almanack of the Muses*, such as it is, such as it may become in future, is sure to maintain its station at the end of the year, as a sequel to the 48 volumes of the collection, and to close its career with honour on the shelves of a library. Four works of the same kind, have in my opinion, rights to the same privilege;—these are *le Nouvel Almanach des Muses* (sometimes a fortunate rival of the old one) *les Etrennes Lyrique*, *le Portefeuille Français*, and *les Etrennes de la Jeunesse*. There will be found in those some names of good augury, and some productions from the hands of masters.

It would be an injury to the *Caveau Moderne*, even to place it at the head of the collections of songs that are produced every New Year's Day.—This annual compilation does not re-

commend itself like the others by an imposing exterior: it is covered with simple brown paper; the modest case, of Limoges and the characters of Perronneau compose its whole typographic attraction; but several names acknowledged by the Muses are inscribed at the bottom of its pages.

I shall not finish my review of the Almanacks of 1812, without mentioning that of M. Blanchard published for the use of youth.—This respectable bookseller ~~consecrates~~ dedicates his magazine exclusively to the instruction and amusement of infancy; which has acquired him the surname of the *Berquin of the Booksellers*.—His whole stock consists of *le Chansonnier du premier âge*; of the *Fablier du second âge*; of the *Plutarque de la jeunesse*; of *Petit la Bruyère*; of the *Morale de l'Enfance*; of the *Cerfeuille de Fleurs* (which means a collection of compliments for the birth-day of all the papa's and all the mamma's in the French empire).

It may be concluded from this article that I am very little pleased with the Almanacks of 1812: I find in them however all the elements of a small *chef d'œuvre* of this kind, and I invite all the Booksellers to execute it for 1813, using a process like that employed by Apelles.

Recipe to make a good and beautiful Almanack.

Take from the old *Almanack des Muses*, the *Epistle to my friend Andrieux*, by M. Ducis; the two *fables* of M. Arnault; the first *elegy* of

Madame Babois; *le déguisement* of M. Millevoys, and the sonnet of Mr. Vigée;—from *le nouvel Almanack des Muses*, the two *Missionnaires*, of Chénier; the *Oath of Hannibal*, by M. François de Neufchâteau; *my adieux to life*, by the late Dorange,—from the *Caveau Moderne*, the following songs: *Hell in good humour*, the *grisette and coquet*, by M. de Piis, *l'Anglais au Caveau la bonne*, and *la Mauvaise Chanson*, by M. Désauquiers; *Entrer et sortir*, by M. Armand-Gouffe; *l'Amitié des Amans*, by M. Dupaty; *le lit de Repos*, by M. Rougemont; *le Calendrier de l'amour*, by M. Chazet; *le Donneur de Conseils et Allez-donc*, by M. de Brasiez. Let Didot print the poetry, upon satin paper: add the pretty engravings of *l'Almanack dédié aux Demoiselles*, the allegorical vignette of the *Almanach des Dames*, the excellent Calendar which is to be found in the *Annuaire*, published by the Board of Longitude, and a few of the charming airs, by Boyeldieu, Dalvimar, and Berton, which conclude the *Chansonnier des Grâces*. Let the whole be bound by Bozerian or Rosa, and take measures to sell the Almanack at a reasonable price, and you need neither dread competition nor imitation.

DETACHED OBSERVATIONS.

There are many people in Paris who know none of the public places in it, except the Fran-

vais, the Opera, the *Bouffons* and the Comic Opera;—they know that there is a theatre du *Vaudeville*, a picturesque theatre,—others, where melo-drames and pantomimes are exhibited; but they have no notion of that multitude of popular spectacles which one meets at every step on the *boulevards*, or under the galleries of the *Palais-Royal*, of which I have just made the tour.—The first,—in point of antiquity, at least—is that of the *Chinese Ombres* of *Sieur Séraphim*: a true theatre, which has its actors, its authors, and what is more its printed pieces, the principal of which is the famous *Pont-Cassé*, enjoying for thirty years the right of amusing, every evening at the same hour, the crowd of nursery maids and children of whom it is the delight.

At the distance of a few paces, under the same gallery in the *Palais Royal*, there has lately been established an *elephant automaton*, which, at the sound of the warlike music, executes with precision diverse movements of body and trunk:—but why deceive the public by announcing an elephant of the natural bulk, when the fact is, that this *automaton* is not half the ordinary size of the quadruped which it represents?

In the passage *de Lorme* (a pretty glass gallery, which establishes an elegant and convenient communication between the *rue St. Honore* and that of *Rivoli*) are exhibited the Dutch *Canary birds*, and one is at a loss whether to admire most the obedience of these little animals,

or the patience of their instructor.—It is doubtful whether the *Deserter* of Sedaine, or even that of M. Mercier ever inspired so much interest as one of the little Canary birds, condemned to be shot for the same crime, and submitting to its fate with much more heroic courage.

These feathered actors amused me much more than the Neapolitan *Puppi* who chatter a foreign language, and who to a French spectator, have not even the kind of interest that attaches to the puppets that stroll through the streets.

Behold me once more on the Boulevard in the grotto of the *incomprehensible man*: after having swallowed pebbles for some years, he now feeds himself by rods, twenty-eight inches long, which he contrives, without any sleight of hand, to convey quite entire into his stomach.—This experiment would have astonished me much more, if I had forgot what I saw performed in the East Indies by some jugglers, still more *incomprehensible* than the man of the Boulevard, as they swallowed a sabre blade two feet long, and an inch and a half broad.

Beside this *rabdophagite* is a menagerie in which is shown under the name of a female *Orang Outang*, a hideous monkey, the extremities of the *mammæ* of which have been painted *en rose* for the benefit of connoisseurs. One is indemnified for this cheat, by seeing the flying ape.—Nothing can be more astonishing than this little animal, which in address and

agility surpasses all the Ravels and Foriosos in the world.

One of the things that pleased me most in my walk, (notwithstanding the emphatic title, which rather offended me, was the *Panorama of the Universe*, by M. Prevost.—The pictures are varied and well chosen; the light distributed with much art; and in general the optical effects, and the perspective are worthy, in my opinion, even of arresting for some moments, the attention of connoisseurs themselves. Above all, I admired an effect of snow on one of the places of Moscow, in which the illusion was so complete as to leave nothing to be wished for.—In less than an hour, by means of a score of pictures which pass before your eyes, you traverse the four quarters of the globe in the most economical and least fatiguing way; and almost with as much advantage as three fourths and a half of the travellers who take the trouble of visiting these places themselves.

After having gone over the whole earth with PREVOST, CURTIUS can show you the great men who have adorned it, and are now assembled in the saloons of this clever modeller in wax.—The greater number of the busts are perfect, the dresses are rich, and even very exact;—but every thing is visibly sacrificed to the head. The lay figure, destitute of motion and of form, only marks out the place of the body, the members and the form. We have a still graver reproach to urge against this otherwise very meritorious artist—it is that he has

prostituted his talent upon subjects that ought not to find a place in a public exhibition, and which would be more appropriately placed in the closet of a courtesan, or in an anatomical cabinet.

We have terminated our course at the *Café de la Victoire*, where, for the moderate fee of eight sous, for which you are also supplied with a bottle of beer, permission is obtained to view the representation of a piece *en Vaudevilles*, performed by actors worthy of being successors to Cadet-Roussel.

No. XI.—1th Jan. 1812.

A FIRST REPRESENTATION IN OLD TIMES.

Voilà de vos arrêts, Messieurs les gens de Goût !
 PRIN, *Metromanie*.

Hoc illis dictum est qui stultitiam nauseant ;
 Et ut putentur sapere, eorum vituperant.

PRIN. Fab. 5.

“There, ye Gentlemen of taste, so much for your judgments.”

EVERY one has his hobby-horse *son califourchon* as the French call it, on which he is mounted, and rides away laughing at the whim of his neighbour. Wits and philosophers themselves are not exempt from their *one* peculiar fancy which absorbs their faculties, and concentrates in one object all their different lustre. Some ruin themselves in books, these in pictures, those in specimens of minerals, shells, medals, or stones, and the bibliomanist, the picture fancier, the naturalist, the collector of ancient medals, the Archæologist (I speak only of those who labour under a mania for any particular science, without having a real taste for it,) appear to me to be equally reasonable in their researches : they play with science as they would

play at cards, inconsiderately, and in all this there would be nothing ridiculous, were it not for the gravity with which they engage in those pursuits. One of my friends is infatuated with a rage which has not yet spread much abroad, but which he has acquired in his travels with the Albums, Mnemonics, and philosophy of Kant. It is a violent passion for autograph letters. It is well known that the English (always ready to confound that which is only scarce with that which is precious) are very curious in their collections of this kind, they amass them at a very great expense, and intrust them to some eminent engraver, who re-produces their fac-similes for the amateurs of a lower order, whose whole fortune would scarcely suffice for the purchase of the originals. Last week I paid a visit to my friend, the *Autographomaniast*, at the instant that a small billet of Boileau's was brought to him; it contained four lines, in which the writer excused himself from dining on the morrow with Mr. Levasseur. This billet was written in a style the most simple, contained no anecdote, nor any particular fact, and was remarkable only for a mis-spelt word: with all the respect I have for the law-giver of our Parnassus, I could not avoid expressing some little surprise at seeing my friend pay ten louis for a slip of paper, which appeared to me to have no sort of value—"I understand your astonishment," said he, "but when a collection of this sort is to be completed, some sacrifice of cash must be made;" thus

speaking he introduced and classed the precious relic which he had just obtained in a case, entitled, "The Age of Louis the Fourteenth;" "you see," continued he, (pointing to a part of his library, where several similar portfolios were arranged in order,) "you see the result of my researches for several years; I have obtained for 60,000 francs, manuscript letters"— "For which," cried I, "the grocer at the corner, the only person to whom all this rubbish could be useful, would not give you two louis."—"Vandal" (exclaimed he, with an indignation moderated by supreme contempt,) "you talk like a man who will leave to posterity nothing to regret nor to care for: see now to what it is that you offer such an insult. Look at *this letter from Montaigne to la Boétie*, so illegible, that it is not possible to print it; *see this note from Henry the IVth. to the Duchess de Verneuil*; *this sonnet of Malherbes*, wholly written by Racan; *this, a letter from Madame de Maintenon to Father Tellier*; *this, an order from the prince, given the day before the battle of Senef.*"—"Even should I consent to participate in your veneration for some few of the relics, to which such recollections are attached, I should not the less ridicule the care which you have taken for the preservation of so many other trifling papers which have no name, no title to recommend them. For example, of what possible value is this letter which falls under my notice: it is signed by a Marquis D'Hemouville, whom no-

“ body ever heard of : it is addressed to a Count
 “ de Monchevreuil, who is himself only known
 “ by some very trifling feats of arms, and by
 “ having been, if I remember right, the pre-
 “ ceptor of the Duke de-Maine.”—“ You could
 not have hit upon a more favourable occasion
 than this to convince yourself how wrong it is
 to decide on what you do not understand. Take
 the trouble to read that letter, and then, if you
 dare, laugh at the great importance in which I
 hold similar writings.” Never, I own, was a
 triumph more complete than his ; after reading
 the letter, I not only implicitly acknowledged
 that it deserved a place in his portfolio, but I
 begged him instantly to suffer me to take a
 copy, and make it public. I with much diffi-
 culty succeeded, and in exchange for this ines-
 timable favor, I promised to enrich his collec-
 tion with a fine manuscript letter from Hyder
 Ally Khan to *Bailly de Suffren*.

The following is the Marquis of Hernou-
 ville's letter, which I certify to be in all respects
 conformable to the original.

“ *Paris, Dec. 30, 1669.*

“ I take advantage, my dear Count, of a vio-
 lent cold, which has confined me four days to
 my chimney corner, to tell you the news of this
 part of the world. The most important, and
 that which will give you the greatest pleasure,

is that M. de Guise has obtained the king's permission to have a *cushion at the royal Mass*, a favour of which he did not fail to avail himself on Sunday, and between ourselves, with a little too much ostentation. Mountains and wonders are expected from the Marquis de Martel, who boasts that he will force the Algerines into a peace ; for my part, I have not quite so much faith in his prophecies. The Duke de Vermandois has just been appointed Admiral ; Madame de la Valliere received this mark of favor with the most easy indifference. I am much of your opinion, this lady has not yet reached her place.

" Has your brother informed you, that we witnessed together, the first performance of *Britannicus*? Some of Racine's admirers had spoken in such high terms of this piece, that not being able to obtain a box, I sent my servant at ten o'clock to keep me a place. I thought I never should have arrived at the Hotel de Bourgogne ; I left my carriage, however, at the entrance of Rue Mauconseil, but had it not been for Chapelle and Mauvilain, who are acquainted with all the actors in Paris, I never should have reached my seat. I beg you will not misunderstand me as to this enthusiasm of the public ; for as many visited the theatre from malicious motives, as from curiosity. I paid my respects to Madame de Sevigné in her box, where I found the Ladies de Villars, de Coulanges, de la Fayette, escorted by the little Abbe de Villars, and by the critic de

Grignan. I leave you to guess whether Britannicus had fair play in this box. Madame de Sevigné said the other day, at Madame de Villarceau's that the Racine would go *off like coffee*; this excited much merriment, and all present coincided that the expression was as just as it was laughable. What I admire above all, is the presumption of this tragic scholar, who endeavours to imitate Roman harangues after the great—the sublime Corneille. Some people's vanity is equal to any thing. I never saw the theatre look more brilliant: so splendid an audience deserved a better piece. Some yawned in the pit, and some slept in the boxes. I will not cite as an example, Vilandry, who snored in that of the commander de Souvrè: after he dines at that table, (the best in Paris;) he digests his meal at the play (*haciendo la Siesta*;) wakes at the close, and pronounces the piece to be wretched. I cannot conceive what pleasure that brave and intelligent commander can find in the company of a man who never opens his mouth but to eat.

“ Despreaux, who was seated near me, was quite enraged at the apathy of the pit: he maintains that this is the finest work of Racine, that the ancients have nothing to equal it, and that Tacitus and Corneille have never written any thing more energetic. He was very near going to loggerheads with Subligny, because in the scene where Nero hides himself behind a curtain to listen to Junia, Subligny could not prevent himself from bursting into a fit of

laughter, in which he was joined by the whole house. It is not unlikely that this miserable piece may furnish another "*Foolish Quarrel*,"* with which we may be amused as we were with the former. Ninon and M. de Prince were, with Despréaux, the only persons who disputed the ground inch by inch, but without being able to re-establish the affairs of Britannicus. I am rather curious to know how the little rival of the great Corneille will receive this disgrace, for it is one indeed, and what is the worst of this business is that there are several verses containing allusions pretty plain and pretty audacious. The king made no comment on this, but when he rose yesterday he countermanded a ballet which was to have been danced at St. Germain. This may spoil our poet's fortune at court; but what indeed can a poet have to do there! Floridor performed divinely; it seemed as though he had determined to make one of the worst parts which he had ever played succeed. I shall not tell you much about the plan of this tragedy: the less that is said about it the better. I was between your brother and the fat Viscount: nevertheless you may believe me it was bad, decidedly bad, let the *Satirique* say what it will. I agree with it when it affirms "that a work of this importance ought to be listened to patiently, and that it is unjust to pronounce upon a performance in the midst of the clamours of party, and the gossiping of a

* *Folle Querelle*, a parody on *Andromacha*.

crowd of ladies, who come merely to display themselves at a first representation." This is all, generally speaking, very true; but it is not applicable to the occasion to which I am alluding. For this once Racine has been properly condemned. The denouement of his piece is the most ridiculous I ever saw. Imagine to yourself the conceited Junie about to turn Vestal after the same mode that Mme. De Sennes would follow to become an Ursuline. Heaven defend me from being a critic! but I have read in *Menage* that other formalities were necessary, in taking the veil, among the worshippers of Vesta. I had nearly forgotten the most essential part of the story: your *Dessauillet* played like an angel. I spoke to her about you in her box, but if you will take my advice, you will return quickly to speak to her yourself. She is a girl with whom constancy is only the interval which separates two amours. If you read *les Nouvelles a la Main* you will find Racine described by a masterly hand. The journal containing the criticisms of his piece has not yet appeared; but if Le Clerc has any conscience, he will amply gratify the resentment of Olonne and Créqui, who have given him two hundred pistoles. Poor Britannicus must pay for *Andromacha*.*

"Gourville ought to have conveyed to you the perfumes which you require for your pretty

* Probably alluding to an Epigram by Racine against M. M. d' Olonne and de Créqui on the tragedy of *Andromacha*.

cousin.—Martial refused any money: he said he had an account with you. Dubroussin sends his compliments to you. We had an excellent supper with him: there wanted but you to complete our pleasure. I was obliged to carry home Chapelle in my carriage: he was dead drunk. In revenge however I left him the next night under the table at the Pine-apple, where he had slept more than once before.

“I will endeavour to go to the levee next Sunday. My uncle is trying to get me to join my regiment, and it is very likely he will succeed; in which case I will see you in my way. I should be much better pleased however if our meeting took place here; but which ever way it may be, believe me I am always proud to count myself among the number of your friends.

“H.”

No. 11. 18th Jan. 1812.

JOURNAL OF A LADY OF FASHION.

Te tam formosam non pudet esse levem?

PROPERTIUS. El. 13.

Si belle, n'avez vous pas honte d'être aussi légère?

So lovely—are you not ashamed to be so trifling?

THERE are some foolish things which must not be ridiculed without great circumspection, not only lest we should fall into the very folly we censure, but because they are intrenched in an asylum which must in some measure be violated to come at them; such for example is the practice, at all times too common in Paris, of mingling together things sacred and profane.—Without pretending to any great severity of principles, I am galled to hear of popular preachers, of a church all the rage, or of a mass fashionably attended. A mode of expression so very improper, nevertheless marks an epoch in which devotion has seized on all heads (I wish I could add on all hearts); in which the conversation of the most brilliant circles turns only on religious subtleties, and in which the handsomest women both of the court and city

make a holiday to hear a sermon delivered by any celebrated preacher. I recollect in my youth hearing Father Brydayne preach at St. Roch. The congregation quarrelled for places, seats were at a crown each, crowds of servants choked up the doors of the church, and lines of coaches obstructed every avenue. I was not only a witness, I was once even a sufferer through the miracles worked by this Christian orator, whose persuasive eloquence determined more than one lady, after hearing his discourses, to forsake her lover, give up her box at the opera, and become a devotee: *merely changing her love*, as Mme. Cornuel calls it. It is most likely the fault of the preachers of the present day, if they cannot achieve similar conversions; perhaps however they have to encounter passions still more difficult to overcome. There is one above the rest which our church-going dames badly disguise under the cloak of devotion; I mean vanity, the most obstinate disease of the human mind, and that with which, unfortunately, women are generally affected. To partake the holy bread, to bestow alms upon the poor, to hear a sermon, what are these now but so many opportunities to exhibit themselves to the public with grace and éclat. A lady arrives at church just late enough to attract all eyes: she is drest in the most fashionable style: three livery servants disperse the surrounding crowd of plebeians, and clear the way for their mistress: she is followed by several young people whom she is leading into the path of salvation. One of the lacqueys throws an

elegant cushion upon her seat; another from a rich velvet bag presents his mistress a morocco prayer book, fastened with sparkling clasps, on the crimson binding of which are emblazoned her family arms. In a word all the excesses of luxury, all the distinctions which rank and fortune can attain, are displayed at the shrine where humility and prayer alone should be found. After the lapse of a few moments passed in the midst of confusion and wanderings of the mind, she leaves the church before the service is finished, with as much disturbance as she entered. In how much greater esteem, though equally unknown to me, do I view that widow with her modest daughter kneeling on the pavement, in an obscure corner of the chapel. She arrives with the crowd, joins in silence in the divine service, and departs without being observed. Perhaps I am the only one who perceived that she accepted the holy water from an infirm old man who offered it to her, leaving to her daughter the care as well as the pleasure of distributing the customary charities at the door. But I encroach on the privileges of age by running into reflections foreign to my subject: I return to it to record some circumstances by which it was suggested.

I went a fortnight ago to St. R—— induced by a desire to hear a preacher, who like many others had discovered the secret of maintaining a great reputation with little merit. Tired out with the attention I had bestowed on the two

first heads of a discourse, without interest and without eloquence, delivered in a monotonous and drawling voice, I at length fell asleep, and was only awakened by the removal of the seats of my neighbours on their retiring. During my slumber I had dropped a glove, and while searching for it I found under my hand a pocket-book : I picked it up, and looked about me for an owner ; but as nobody appeared to claim it, there remained no other way to find its proprietor, than to examine its contents, which I immediately set about. By the elegance of its form, by the scent of roses and of vanilla which exhaled from it, I directly suspected it had belonged to a lady, and I was convinced of this, when on searching the two little pockets of crimson satin, I found several small billets similar in style, though of different hands-writing, a milliner's bill amounting to fifteen hundred francs, and a couple of vellum leaves on which several curious and tasteful observations were written, intermingled with some sentimental quotations in a metaphysical jargon. But that which more particularly excited my curiosity, was a small manuscript written in a pretty lady-like hand, entitled, "CONTINUATION OF MY JOURNAL." I have the less scruple in permitting my readers to partake with me in the pleasure my indiscretion furnished, as the journal is evidently of no consequence, since I cannot discover in it the slightest trace of the person to whom it belongs ; and in making it public I afford an opportunity to the au-

thor to reclaim her pocket-book, which I have inclosed and deposited at the office of the Gazette de France, to be returned on application, to its owner.

8th January, 1812.

"Returned at five in the morning from Mme. de B. . . . Had there been a hundred visitors less, her ball would have been charming. My husband wanted me to go away by two o'clock—I laughed at him—to spite me he went home alone. What did he gain by that? Horace escorted me. Mid-day, Victoria enters my room to try on the new *Madras*, which Versepuy has sent me. This turban fits me to admiration. I can't bear the *canezous* of Mme. Rhaimbaud. I shall continue, I think, to use the Spanish cloaks of Mme. Germon.

Victoria, I perceive, is in the Chevalier's interest. She pretends that he called here three times yesterday, and looked for me at all the theatres. I have some reason to complain of him, and for a punishment he shall not see me these two days: besides I have made arrangements to that effect.

I was invited to dine at the Ambassador's to-day, but I shall not be caught there again. It was too tiresome the last time. I will have my usual head-ache. My husband must be there.

Mem. To get Mr. Dulac dismissed: that in-

solent fellow forgets that to me he owes his steward's place: he refused me a thousand crowns, under the pretext that it was his master's orders. Can he then complain that I get into debt?

I went to sleep again. My husband did not return till two o'clock. I played off some airs upon him to prevent his beginning to scold first. I complained bitterly at not having the new carriage which has been promised me these six months, and I informed him, that from to-morrow I should go to the bath in a cabriolet, like a merchant's wife. He acknowledged the justice of my complaint, and we parted the best friends in the world.

Horace came to breakfast with me: he teized me so, that I dress'd to take a riding lesson at Sourdis. I mounted *Zephyrine*: I am quite in love with that mare. They sold it me for a hundred and fifty louis. I can soon settle that. My coachman assures me the price is next to nothing. We rode as far as Rincy to try her. I dismounted to play two games of billiards with Horace: he can give me but six points. I strike with double force since Espolard has given me lessons.

At four o'clock we returned to Paris, called upon Noustier to see some new *rags*; nothing pretty. Little M, . . . of the opera came to make purchases to the amount of a hundred louis. The commander thought I did not see her. I shall take care to profit by this discovery at the opera ball.

I dined at home with Emily and her dear president. The Colonel dropt in by chance. He is a man whom accident often befriends. All four agreed to make a party to-morrow for St.—— to hear the bishop of ——'s sermon *on the vanity of human pleasures*. Has he any thing better to substitute? We shall see!

We wished to go to the play, and knew not which theatre to choose. At the *Bouffons* they performed *Le Cantatrici*. We stayed the first act. This was the night for my box at the theatre Français, and we called on our return home. The play was *La Gageure*. I remember seeing Molè and Madlle. Contat in this piece. That makes it difficult.

On retiring, I met the Countess of ——. She gives a children's fête at her house this evening. To so trifling a thing, she said, she had not dared to send me a written invitation. This means that she forgot me, did not know how to excuse herself. I found there about a hundred and fifty visitors. C——y was the master of the ceremonies. There was a great shew of gaiety, perhaps a little too much. They performed *Cassander the Grand Turk*. The Aulic Counsellor acted *Cassander*; Anatole, the gay Leander; and the fat Major, *Columbine*. I laughed till I fell back in my chair. After supper we played at *Cress*. I was partner with the Colonel. 'Tis inconceivable how much we lost. To pay this debt I shall be obliged to send at least my set of emeralds to Sensier.

Returned at four o'clock, my husband was waiting for me : he had given directions to Victoria to perfume my chamber with the *Pastilles* brought me from Constantinople by Mr. C. . . . I love this odour to a folly. I would write down something of the conversation I had with Emily about the Chevalier ; but I am sleepy. . . .

I am in bed, and perceive I have not bolted my door. I have not courage to rise and fasten it.

9th January. I awake with pleasure, having dreamt I should not be obliged to sell my emerald set.

[*Here the journal breaks off.*]

No. **XIII.**—1st Feb. 1812.

THE LEARNED LAND.

Genus unde Latinum.

VIRGIL. EN. lib. 1.

Berceau de la nation Latine.

The cradle of the Latin nation.

Friday Morning.

It is not a thing so very easy as may be imagined, to trace from nature, week after week, sketches of our manners, prejudices or follies. The great models of all ages have been depicted by great masters. Of those of lesser dimensions, and which particularly belong to our own time, some have too much, and others too little light thrown on them, to enable us to take a finished view. Others have not attained their proper places, and others still, which indeed include the greater part, are not worth preserving. The field for ridicule is vast, but it is

* *Le pays Latin*, figuratively used for the University, and for those whose manners smack of the schools.

so obstructed by precautions, distinctions, and considerations, that one can only enter it by leaps and bounds. Besides it is with certain articles for the papers as with the theatre. Their readers wish to find fancied likenesses, with which all the world may recognize; but never like to meet with their own. True descriptions of manners, acute observations, well contrasted events, ancient prejudices, examples of ruin by modern vices; in a word, such pictures as have been handed down to us by Molière and Addison, whose illustrations have not a little confined their successors in the same line.

It is somewhat vexatious at the moment of undertaking a work, to find oneself occupied with nothing but the difficulties which present themselves. Nevertheless this is my case in taking up the pen for the present article, without knowing what subject to pitch upon. I open my note book; all the hints which I see there for this week's essay appear full of frivolity and foolish gaiety, which does not at all accord with my present state of mind. I must write seriously that I may not write ill. Having relied on my correspondence, I have just turned to it;—after burning some anonymous letters, after reducing to a more natural mode of expression, complaints of infidelity, witticisms without point, criticisms full of gall, and interested eulogies in which I have no wish to be an accomplice, I find I can make use of but two letters;—one of which in the shape of a

discussion on the particular character of the age we live in, will require much time in shortening, and the other is of such a nature as not to be published without much reflection. I am there informed of the intention of some ladies of Maubeuge, to pursue me till I have made ample reparation for having dared to say (for I am always obliged to bear the sins of my correspondents) that their first conquests were achieved in the time of the Parliament Maupeou.

Such an affair is very fortunate for me; but besides that it does not yet come in an official character, it certainly belongs to the regions of merriment, which I have to-day forsworn: deprived of all other resources therefore, I will this once leave to chance the responsibility of choosing a subject. Some one rings at my bell. Whatever may be the situation or profession of him who now comes, I am determined to make him the subject of this number.

* * * * *

Friday, at Midnight.

Seneca said happily, it was a foolish rashness to trust to chance:

Cæca est temeritas quæ petit casum ducem.

I always thought that one should now and then let chance prevail. I did so this morning in the difficulty in which I found myself, and

you shall presently see how well I have extricated myself. I have by accident been visited by a very young man called Charles d'Essène, who generally comes to me on Sundays only. He is the son of an old retired officer, who has resided upwards of twenty years in the retirement of La Sologne, in a little farm where he employs himself with superintending the education of his younger children. To complete that of his eldest he determined to send him to Paris under the care of some friends, whom he still cherishes in this capital; I am one of the number. The young man has taken a liking to me: he comes regularly every week, and his frequent visits are doubly agreeable, because they prove that the counsels of old age are not thrown away upon him, and that my lessons do not appear tedious. In our conversation, the profit is not all on his side. If I relate to him the stories of past time, with which he was before unacquainted, he reminds me of others of later days, which I had already forgotten, for the memory of old men is like their sight; they can only see events and objects which are at a distance. I had an interest in making my young student prattle, and during breakfast, I bade him describe, in the most minute manner, the life he leads at Paris. I found in his recital a faithful picture of the manners and customs of that estimable class of young men who are devoted to study, and who silently people a quarter of the city, for which the vicinity of the colleges, the Sorbonne, the Schools of the Ancient

University, and several learned societies have obtained the name of "The Learned Land" (Le Pays Latin). I shall be more correct in his narration if I give it in his own words.

"You know," said he, "That my father has many children, and a small fortune; and that the moderate allowance which he remits to me, of 150 francs per month, does not enable me to live like a grand signior. I am intended for the bar. My particular taste leads me to the study of Natural History. To place myself in a situation where I might at the same time take my degrees, at l'Ecole de Droit, and attend the classes at the Garden of Plants, I found it necessary to husband my time still more than my money. When I came to Paris I hired lodgings in a small apartment which one of my elder college friends had taken the trouble to provide for me in the Hotel, or rather in the Pot-house, which he occupied in the Faubourg St. Jacques: for this I pay nine francs a month, which will give you an idea of its magnificence. I do not know whether you are acquainted with the Rue de la Parcheminerie where I live, situated between the Rue de la Harpe and Rue St. Jacques, and that it is only inhabited by parchment makers and bookbinders, without reckoning (besides the House of the Widow Desaint) four nominally furnished hotels, in one of which I am a lodger. It is known by a board of black wood on which is written in red characters the name of the "*Hotel de Berni*." Figure to yourself a decayed tenement, built during the trou-

bles of the reign of Charles the VIIth. (that is if you believe an inscription cut on the door-case of the principal entrance), by which you, entering along a dark passage leading to a staircase still more obscure, which you may mount by the help of a thick rope serving at the same time for balustrades and guide, in this labyrinth which mounts to the altitude of the sixth story.

It is there, exactly at ninety-seven steps above the level of the street, that my chamber is situated (the same landing place containing eight similar rooms). It is furnished with a bed of olive green Aumaule Serge, a deal table, a Bergame carpet, two church chairs with new bottoms, a small Dutch stove, which you may heat two days with one faggot cut into four quarters; add to these a water jug and basin of coloured delft, a candlestick and a writing desk, and you will have a complete idea of the furniture of a student of the law. A stout wench, from Picardy, performs the duties of servant to all the lodgers at the Hotel de Berri. She makes our beds, settles accounts with the washerwoman; she alone takes upon herself the responsibility of our candles and the key of the street-door, which is irrevocably closed at half past nine every evening. It is she also who each morning takes care to purchase the acute angle of a piece of cheese *de Brie* which ordinarily forms our breakfast. You must own that for thirty sous a month, which we each pay to

her, one cannot be better or more agreeably served.

Twenty-five students live at this Hotel ; it is a species of University ; the four professions may be found there. We go out in the morning much about the same time, some to the School of Medicine or to the Hospital, others to the College de France or the Jardin des Plantes, to pursue the different courses prescribed in these establishments. There are six of us who exclusively attend l'Ecole de Droit, and we reckon among us four young theologians, who regularly assist at the Conferences at St. Sulpice. Can it be disputed, that our quarter has a right to be called Learned, when at the break of day may be seen crowds of scholars hastening to the Lyceums with their books under their arms, and their breakfasts in their hands ; young pupils, of the *Polytechnique* School, who leave the Hotel for the Military Walk ; professors and masters who proceed to the instruction of their various classes ; Bibliomanists who overhaul and rummage the contents of all the book baskets in the *passage des Jacobins*. Add to this picture, regiments of printer's boys with paper caps on their heads, bookbinders loaded with books to be delivered in the different streets, and you will have an idea of the inhabitants of the *quartier Latin*.

My day is divided between my duties and my pleasures. Both in fact are labours. After a lesson from the Roman code explained by the learned Berthelot, I run to the Jardin des

Plantes to listen to the ingenious geological hypotheses of M. Faujas.—To the profound Commentaries of M. Delvincourt, on the Code Napoléon, succeed the eloquent lectures on Comparative Anatomy delivered by M. Cuvier. I find time to attend the discourses of Cotellet and Pigeau, without losing any thing of the demonstrations of Haüy and Desfontaines: I study with equal ardour (I don't say with equal pleasure) Domat and Linneus, Jussieu and Justinian.—You see I make the most of the aphorism of Poor Richard, which you repeat to me so often, "Do you love life, don't waste time then, for life is made of it." Almost all my fellow lodgers employ themselves as usefully.

We meet again to dine in the Rue de Ma-thurins, at the ancient inn, called the Black Head, near the Sorbonne, in the house of the famous Dr. Cornet, and I believe in the very parlour in which, near 200 years ago, his criticism of the book *On frequent Communion* was seized.—For thirty-six francs a month, we are provided every day at four o'clock with a moderate repast, seasoned by an appetite more hard to appease than difficult to satisfy.

Our daily recreations are as simple as our occupations. At the library of St. Genevieve our unbending moments are spent; at the Luxembourg we take our walk, and in a little reading room in the place St. Michel (which does not equal that in the Rue de Grammont) we finish our winter evenings. I ought, however, to tell you that the last Sunday in each month

is really a festival with us: on that day we dine at fifty sous a head at the famous Restaurateur's Edon (the Beauvilliers of the Faubourg St. Germain) whence we go to the coffee-house *Procope*, and sometimes even, if I must discover all, we don't refuse a pit ticket to see the first piece at the Odeon.

Here finished the recital of my young student, which I have written down from his dictation. We have passed the day together. I took him to dine with me, and thence we went to the Comedie Française, to see the "Cit turn'd Gentleman." It was past eleven when I conducted him to his hotel. After taking all the trouble in the world to wake the servant, she declared she would not have opened the door to any other than master Charles, and that within the memory of man, no person had entered at so late an hour into the *Hotel de Berri*.

No. XIV.—29th Feb. 1812.

A FEW PORTRAITS.

Les hommes, la plupart, sont étrangement faits ;
 Dans la juste nature on ne les voit jamais.

MOLIERE TARTUFE, Acte 2.

THE Romans had certain signs by which they distinguished, their Jucky from their unlucky days. A crow perched on the top of a house, a fowl that refused to eat, or a stumble at the threshold of the door, was to them a sufficient reason for staying at home on that day. For my own part I am not quite so superstitious; I love better to laugh on a Friday than to weep on a Sunday;—to eat a good dinner, of which thirteen partake, than a bad one where there are but twelve: I had rather overset my saltseller at table, than my glass; and, at my time of life, I find it much less inconvenient to cross my knife and fork than my sword. I have nevertheless my little prejudices as well as other people; for example, I firmly believe that the aspect of the whole day depends on the first impression which I receive on awaking. I resemble those persons, who, on rising, put on green spectacles, and see every thing before them of that tint.—This prejudice of mine, if

it be one, is fortified by so much observation, that far from endeavouring to conquer it, I make use of it as a guide for my conduct, and second its influence as much as lies in my power. According to this supposition; which I now look upon as a principle, the first visit which I received yesterday morning, put me out of all doubt but that I should in the course of the day have a crowd of originals, of all sorts, pass in review before me, and accordingly I waited in expectation of them with my pen in my hand.

It was hardly day when the Chevalier de Floricourt gaily entered my room, and awoke me with cries of Tally ho! tally ho! with which he made my chamber resound. He was in a shooting dress, and came to ask me to accompany him to St. Ouen to meet a party formed for the sports of the field, at his relation's, Madame I——'s. I smoked his old mania. The Chevalier has not fired ten shots since he came into the world. If he were alone upon the earth with partridges, he would be the creature for which one would entertain the greatest apprehensions, and yet notwithstanding this, there has not been a sporting party for these forty years, at which he has not been present. He is a true Count de Soyecourt; he knows by heart "The Sporting Dictionary," and never stirs out, particularly in Paris, without being followed by a greyhound, a lurcher, and a setting dog. At any rate, one would think he took at least some pleasure in the chase, but he has none beyond that of awaking the sportsmen, as-

sisting in the preparations for departure, presiding, on their return, in the parlour of the Chateau at the distribution of the game, and then hastening back to Paris to relate at the tables of a few friends, the details of a hunting match, in which he had no share. Despairing of success in persuading me to go, he stopped to breakfast with me. I ordered a *pâté de Chartres* to be put before him, which served him as a text for a dissertation on red and grey partridges, on quails, plovers, and woodcocks: after which he took his leave, calling his dogs about him, one of which had been amusing himself with tearing my elbow chair, while the other had strangled the cat of my porters, who was only appeased by the sight of a five franc piece, with which our sportsman presented her. This gentleman had hardly reached the bottom of the stair-case, when I saw a little chubby man walk, or rather roll into my room with open arms, and from whose embrace I had much trouble to escape suffocation. "You dont recollect me," he exclaimed (gripping my hand, and displaying most ridiculous grimaces.) "It is me—at Madame Lenormand's—where we have laughed so much—Do you go there now?" (I had never been there in my life.) "You always professed an interest for me," (continued he, offering me a pinch of snuff from an enormous gold box.) "I want to make some use of General Dermont: you are his friend, and I have come to ask you to invite us both to dine with you in a family way." After some

trouble in recollecting a name for this grotesque being, I remembered a certain *Blondeau*—a sort of intriguer, making a trade of patronage and patrons, availing himself of the smallest pretext to approach people in power, and who had arrived, from one anti-chamber to another, at a post which was somewhat less honourable than lucrative. I was just going to point out to him rather angrily, the indiscretion of the thing he asked, but he stopped my mouth in an instant, telling me, he had forstalled my politeness, having just called at Count Dermont's with the invitation, but that our dinner must be postponed till the return of the General, who was to set off to-morrow to preside at an Electoral College in the South of France; and without waiting for an answer, he left me, with an excuse for quitting me so abruptly; but he was obliged to attend the minister's levee; and left with me the hope, or rather the fear of seeing him return to acquaint me with the result of his business.

I was not the sort of person to wait for him, but left home with an intention of going, according to custom, to take a cup of chocolate, at the *Café de Foi*. Crossing the Palais Royal, I perceived at a distance the great Corviere, the man, who, of all others, understands best how to string together words, which, as Fontenelle says, "are tired of seeing themselves in company;" who talks at intolerable length with the fewest possible ideas: and who overwhelms you with his persevering stories on the most

trifling subjects, Terror seized me at recollecting that he had kept me above a quarter of an hour in the rain the week before, under a gutter in the *Rue Vivienne*, to relate to me the proceedings of a law-suit of Madame Morin's, which I had read in the morning, in every one of the daily papers. He was however more alert to surprise me, than I could be to escape. "Let me tell you some good news," cried he, (stopping up my path with his arms;) "Madame de Sainville is in Paris, her husband has gained the famous suit, which he has been carrying on at Rennes, and at last the Estate of Luçon belongs to them; there is a pond there, as you know, above a league round; and I don't think any place in France can boast of more fish. I know something about it; they have sent me a carp, which weighs seventeen pounds and a-half: I made it the foundation of a charming little dinner, when Dubreuil, Mainville and his wife dined with me,—I very much regretted that you were not amongst us."—I had the good fortune here to cut him short, by observing, that I was not acquainted with a single person he had named.* He begged pardon for troubling me with things, in which I had no interest, and left me to speak to a lady, to whom most likely he recounted every circumstance of M. De Sainville's law-suit; for passing by, an hour after, I found him in the same place, still discoursing with her. While pursuing my walk, I could not help reflecting a little on this propensity to talking; it appeared to me

to be the consequence of the difficulty of acting, and it is perhaps on that account, ~~that~~ old men and women are so particularly addicted to this foible.

As I entered the *Café de Foi*, counsellor Dujany was going out: "I find you just at the nick of time," said he, reconducting me under the Porticoes. "I have just heard an admirable Tragedy read. The Academy will be very unjust, if such a work does not open its doors to the author. It has the genius of Corneille; the style of Racine; the action and pathos of Voltaire; . . . Apropos, we are going to have a new Romance from M.—— I have promised not to mention it, but I assure you, Le Sage and Fielding have a rival. . . . Have I told you that the Abbé De Lille had read his poem on *Conversation* to me? Oh! it is a jewel. There were but two feeble verses in it. I made him alter them. . . . Come and see me some morning, and I'll shew you an unpublished Satire of Chepriers '*Les Mouches du Coche*.' It is for truth—for applicability! . . . '*Les Mouches du Coche*' literary, above all: . . . You'll laugh till you cry again. . . . Is your friend still on the list for the second class of the Institute? Bring him to me; I will introduce him to some of my friends who are Academicians; seven or eight of the best votes are not to be despised; and I will undertake for them; but upon condition that he keeps himself quiet, and publishes no new work; good or bad they will do

"him harm. I mention it to every body who will listen to me. In the literary world, one is only safe between two reputations, and that asylum is called mediocrity." Having thus said, he quitted me. I laughed at the idea that this *Mouches du Coche** could not recognise himself in the Satire of Cheprier, though every feature was exactly portrayed.

I ordered a cup of chocolate, at a table where several singers of the Caveau were seated, among whom I recollected a little notary, who always signs his minutes over a pot of coffee, and a physician who writes his prescriptions while playing at dominos. I listened with pleasure to the conversation of the young folks, who debated in a smart style, and now and then struck out a flash of wit.

I quitted them for another table, at which two men were disputing with so much acrimony, as to give reason to fear the event of their quarrel, particularly to those, who like myself, were acquainted with one of the two adversaries. It was the famous Dorsant, the oldest and most determined bully in Europe. I remember in 1785, he had three affairs of honour in the same week. The first with a man who had looked at him askance, the second with an officer who looked him full in the face, and the third with an Englishman, who had passed by without looking at him at all! which caused some one to say that it was impossible to look at this man

* Fly on the coach-wheel.

any way. Dorsant seeing me, begged me to be the mediator, and I arranged the business a little more easily than I could have done in 1785.

Leaving the *Café de Poi*, I took a turn in the Tuilleries where I met the little Chevalier Arboise. He accosted me with the usual question, "where do you dine to-day?" "Where you never dine;—with a woman who has but two dishes at table, and drinks no wine but Orleans." "Laugh as much as you please my sage Hermit, a good table is the greatest of all blessings. The Romans knew this, and a good cook at Rome was worth 400 talents, and as La Motte-le-Vayer very well remarks, such a sum would buy a dozen philosophers like yourself."

Continuing to talk in this manner, the chevalier apprised me, "that he was wavering, undecided between three dinners this day—at a notary's, at a banker's, and at a Canon's. On my observing that it was a fish day, he decided on the last. The death of a receiver-general with whom he had dined every Saturday, for ten years, had left him one day free; he begged me to introduce him to Madame de Senars, and as he seemed anxious to complete his week, I promised to do as he desired me, as soon as this lady should have changed her cook, who would not have fetched at Rome, a price greater, than even a philosopher like myself.

At the théâtre Français, a new piece was to be performed, but although I hastened there, I

could not procure a place in any part. Wanting something to console me, I walked about the lobbies with several others, who had not been more fortunate than myself. Among these was the Nestor of Parnassus, the poet Rodrigue. I recollected him by his large brown coat, by his back more bent by use than by age, by his nose begrimed with snuff, and above all, by his zig-zag walk which defied all possibility of guessing the way he was going. This literary patriarch, known by some valuable works, proves in contradiction to the opinion of Bacon, "that old age brings fewer wrinkles on the mind, than on the face." He was twice crowned at the French Academy, and the close of his career is exempt from care and inquietude. After the piece, I found him behind the scenes, conversing with another old gentleman, who, by his English deportment, his rusty beaver hat, and his large blue great coat, might have been taken for a Birmingham trader. I had need of a grand effort of memory, to trace in this figure the remains of the brilliant Count Alègre; of a nobleman so gay, so generous, so celebrated for his follies and his amours. His eyes half shut, his chin resting on a large gold headed cane, he lavished eulogies on Sarrazin, Lekain, and Brizard; and comparing always the recollections of his youth with the observations of his age, he regretted with his contemporary Rodrigue, the glorious days of the French theatre, that is to say, *their own days*. "Where is Lekain? Where is Prévile? Where

"Mole?" they exclaimed alternately. I was most tempted to answer them; "Where is lègre? Where is Rodrigue?"——

I returned home, revolving in my mind what had seen in the course of the day, and ready to repeat with I know not what Latin poet:

*Huīmani generis mater, nutrixque profecto
Stultitia est.*——

No. XV.—7th March, 1819.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

Un rapport clandestin n'est pas d'un honnête homme.

GRESSET, LE MECHANT, Acte.

'To convey an underhand rumour, is not the act of an honest man.

La noirceur masque en vain les poisons qu'elle verse.
Tout se sait tôt ou tard, et la vérité perce.

IDEM, Acte 3

In vain base slander's pois'nous sting
Shall seek its baleful form to cover,
For truth, its guilt to light shall bring,
And soon or late each plot discover.

I AM not one of those who are blessed with that flexibility of genius and talent, which leaves to the disposition of the writer who possesses it, the choice of the subject on which he is to treat. The thought which seizes me, the sentiment which rules the moment, is the only one upon which I can dilate. It would be in vain, therefore, for me, this day, to endeavour to amuse my readers with any observations foreign to the deep indignation which I at present feel. I have now to denounce at the bar of pub-

lic opinion (since our laws cannot reach it) a crime, whose progress proclaims the last stage of the corruption of manners. It is already plain that I mean those messengers of darkness, those authors of anonymous letters, against whom good men cannot be too much on their guard. Probity was ever one of the distinguishing traits of the French character; our nation preserves even in its vices a sort of frankness, and in glancing at the annals of Europe, ancient and modern, we may remark with pride, that the more atrocious crimes, poisoning and false accusations, have always been less frequent in our native country than in any other. During our civil and religious troubles, during the madness of a most dreadful revolution, honour, (using the word in the strictest sense) had rarely to blush even at evils where humanity was compelled to groan. How is it then that in the glorious epoch in which we live, in a city the centre of politeness and of all the social virtues, that the seeds of a vice the most odious with which society can be infected, should be nourished, and that examples of an offence which differs only from poisoning in the legal impunity it enjoys, should so increase among us.

I was very far from indulging in such painful reflections last Monday evening, when returning from M. de Senange's, where I had passed a most agreeable day in the midst of a family, whose happiness appeared the more firmly established, because it was founded on the union of every virtue. The father of this house, af-

ter having exercised with honour in the parliament of Bordeaux, an office hereditary in his family, has come to Paris to enjoy a repose suited to his taste, and a considerable fortune which he acquired in our colonies before their late disasters. I do not know a more delightful spectacle than a numerous family linked together by the ties of blood, of habit, and of friendship. The wish to enjoy this sight, often carries me to the house of M. de Senanges. During my last visit, I learned from him that his eldest daughter, the beautiful and modest Amelia, was about to be married. He presented to me his future son-in-law, a young officer distinguished among the brave for his courage, and who promises to ennoble a name already celebrated in our military annals. The agreements had been drawn up, the young folks adored each other, the contract which was to be the guarantee of the most tender union was to take place on the morrow, and as a friend of both families I was invited to be present.

Returned home, I began to compose an Epithalamium on the nuptials of this youthful pair, but, recollecting that Amelia had surnamed me the eternal preacher, the idea struck me of addressing them in a little sermon. To give it the proper form I turned to read a few pages of Masillon; I opened the book by chance, and lighted upon the following picture of calumny, which I found much more impressive on reading it again the next day.

“The tongue of the slanderer is a devouring

fire which consumes every thing it touches; which leaves behind in its progress nothing but ruin and desolation; which penetrates even to the bowels of the earth, and seizes upon the most secret things; changes to vile dirt and ashes, which, what but just now, we regarded as most brilliant and precious; which at the very time, when to all appearance it is extinct, bursts forth and rages again with greater violence and danger than ever, and which, in the end, blackens all which it has not been able to consume." Reading this lecture communicated insensibly another course to my ideas. I forgot my epithalamium and fell asleep, reflecting on the frightful evils of which calumny has been at all times the cause, without however dreaming that I should so shortly meet with a new example of its effects.

M. de Senanges had invited me to dinner on the morrow, being the day on which the contract was to be signed. On my arrival I was surprised at the disquietude which reigned in the house. The servants wandered about the rooms with distracted countenances. The bells were in motion in every corner of the mansion. I perceived Dubois, the valet, and enquired the reason of these appearances. "Ah, Sir," said this old servant with tears in his eyes, "I know not what has passed in this house since yesterday evening; it seems, as though hell had broken loose. Mr. Charles, our young lady's Intended, is closeted with my master in his cabinet, and my mistress in her chamber with

her daughter Miss Amelia, who has fainted three times this morning." Without being announced, I went straight to the cabinet of M. de Senanges: he was walking up and down in great agitation: as soon as he saw me he embraced me, and without saying a word, shewed me a letter which Charles held open in his hand, and the address of which he regarded with eyes sparkling with rage. I read it:—it was an anonymous letter couched in these terms:

"Sir,—The inviolable attachment which I feel for you, obliges me to give you some information in an affair where your honour and your happiness are equally interested. Mr. Charles d'Hennecourt, on whom you are on the point of bestowing the hand of your daughter, has given a solemn promise of marriage in Germany, which will very soon be brought before the tribunals of this country: In a fortnight you shall receive such written proofs of this as even M. de Hennecourt himself shall not dare to contradict." "'Tis an infamous lie," cried Charles, with a voice altered by passion: "indisputably" said I coolly, "it is a falsehood, who can doubt it?" "That gentleman," (replied the young man with the most touching emotion, pointing to M. de Senanges) "and perhaps Amelia herself."—"How, my respected friend," said I, taking his hand, "do you put faith in an anonymous letter, do you suffer your repose, your happiness, and that of your family, to depend on a clandestine

fabrication, dictated either by envy or hatred, and which proves nothing but the wickedness of those who make use of such expedients. Can you put in competition, the word of a man of honour whom you have thought worthy to make one of your family, with the dark accusation of a villanous enemy. Remember my dear Senanges, that there are cases in which the most implicit confidence is necessary, and that a man who once becomes accessible to calumny, places himself for ever at the mercy of the first wretch who may feel it his interest to disturb his peace. I have more than once had occasion to quote to you two admirable lines of Shakespeare—

———Slander lives upon succession,

For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

Dread lest to day you confirm this"—"But, when interests so dear are at stake, is not even the excess of prudence a duty? And these proofs too that are promis'd!" . . . "A gross deception! which has for its object to produce some scandalous scene, some delay that calumny may employ to circulate in Paris the report of a marriage broken off, to weave some new web of iniquity." By dint of observations and reasoning, I succeeded in calming the mind of M. de Senanges and the heart of poor Charles. We went to the ladies' apartments, where I had the less trouble to console and convince them, as, after having attentively examined the letter, I undertook to discover and expose the

author that very day. Charles and Amelia embraced me together. I had no time to lose. I made M. and Mme. de Senanges promise that they would suffer nothing of this to appear, that the preparations for the marriage should continue as they had been already ordered, and I left them before dinner (after ten minutes private conversation with young Heenecourt) carrying with me the mysterious epistle.

I had a suspicion founded on the circumstances, which Charles had in confidence related to me, but it was of proof that I stood in need. Two clues offered themselves to me, the quality of the paper, obviously of English manufacture, and the impression of the seal. The paper must have been bought at Despilly's; I went there immediately and asked for some paper similar to that which I produced. They told me they had none left; I insisted; told them I was so much in want of it that I would even pay six francs a sheet. "Perhaps, Sir, you know Madame de Sennemont," (said the young person of the shop), "we sold the last two quires we had to her some days ago." This name was a glimmering of light to me, I begged the girl to write down for me the information she had verbally given, and then went to one of our most eminent engravers. The impression on the seal of this letter was neither arms nor crest, but an allegory so curious as inevitably to have left some recollection of it in the mind of the artist, and the high finish of the work might afford a clue to the person

who cut it.—Things turned out as I expected, the engraver casting his eyes on the piece before him, recognised the work of one of his fellow artisans, and mentioned his address; and to him I repaired without loss of time. This person informed me that he had engraved the seal six months before, for a lady for whom he was then engraving some visiting cards. He produced to me a proof which served as a model, and I read in so many letters, “Madame de Sennemont.” My suspicions were then converted into certainty, I made the engraver give me a regular authentication of what he had told me, and returned to M. de Senanges.

On my way I revolved in my mind all I had heard of Madame de Sennemont, of her conduct since her widowhood, of her intrigues, of her misdeeds, of her known connexion with young Hennecourt; and well furnished with proofs both moral and material, I gaily entered the parlour, where I found all the company assembled.—A particular constraint appeared visible in all their countenances. The women were whispering together; M. and Mme. de Senanges were speaking low in the chimney-corner; Amelia had tears in her eyes, and Charles with difficulty concealed his chagrin. My entrance was a sort of event, for I could not help expressing my extreme surprise at seeing Madame de Sennemont seated close to Amelia, and lavishing upon her expressions of the most tender friendship. I stopped suddenly. “How you stare at me,” said she, forcing a laugh,—

“With an astonishment, Madam, which has nothing flattering in it, for you remind me at this moment of the Spanish Surgeon, who waited for passers by at the corner of a street, wounded them with a poniard, and then was one of the first to run to their assistance.” This vigorous apostrophe occasioned a violent sensation in the company; every one began to question me—I felt that a public explanation became indispensable, and after having obtained the consent of the master of the house, I developed the perfidious square, I shewed the effects, and produced the proofs. Reproach was in every mouth.—Madam de Sennemont did not attempt to justify herself. She rose, smiled with disdain, and in going out darted at me a look of fury, the eloquence of which I could fully appreciate.

The departure of this wicked woman was the signal for confidence and pleasure; relations, friends, the intended bride and bridegroom, all the company loaded me with thanks, and the supper for which I waited with impatience was hastened. It may very well be supposed that I did not lose so fine an opportunity of *preaching*. Calumny!—What a fruitful subject! I took for my text the passage of Masillon, cited at the commencement of this article, and I finished by this beautiful image from Diderot.

“Calumny vanishes at the death of the obscure man; but at the urn of the illustrious she is eternally busy, raking his ashes with a poniard, even ages after death.”

No. XVI.—21st March, 1812.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Point de milieu : l'Hymen et ses liens
Sont les plus grands ou des maux ou des biens.
VOLTAIRE, ENFANT PHOD. Acte 2, Sc. 1.

There is no medium ; Hymen's bonds, they tell,
Make life to man a heav'n on earth—or hell.

SIR Thomas More, rather severely, compared a man about to be married, to one who put his hand into a sack in the hope of drawing out a single eel from among a hundred vipers. "It is a hundred to one," adds he, "but he will pick out a viper." Another Chancellor of the same country, (Bacon) maintains a directly contrary opinion, and asserts, "that in this marriage sack, the eels would be in proportion of a hundred, to one of the vipers." For my own part, I am induced to believe that the eels and vipers are there, as every-where else, mingled in nearly an equal proportion, and that you have but to endeavour to make a good choice. Between these chancellors, there is, however, a third philosopher, Lamotte-le-Vayer, who assures us, "that the deep sleep, into which our first father was plunged before he was presented with his wife is an intimation to us to distrust

our sight entirely, and to choose a mate blindfold." Marriage has always had more slanderers than advocates. The comic writers, who, for these three thousand years have made it either the foundation or the denouement of their plots, seldom represent it, but in a ludicrous or ridiculous light. The inventors of tales, little histories, and epigrams, are never sparing of their witticisms on the plagues of matrimony. Juvenal and Boileau have exhausted their most cutting sarcasms on this subject: happily however, all these gentlemen have failed in writing it out of taste. That saffron-coloured robe, with which it has pleased the libertine Ovid to invest the god Hymen; (*croceo velatus amictu*) if it does not continue to be the fashion of the world, is at least a very usual vestment in every polished nation. Every body laughs at the joke; but still they follow the useful rule, and marriage is a work that never ceases. A wife is to a young man a mistress, to the man of riper age a companion, and to the old man a nurse. Marriage has its troubles, and its vexations, but in the end it is the only state, in which we can hope to unite all the sweets of friendship, all the pleasures of sense and reason, and in a word, all the happiness of which the human condition is susceptible. This hope, which it must be owned is not always realised, loses nothing of its credit by the increasing number of its dupes. I never visit the church, but I hear banns published, I never pass the door of the mayor's office, but I see it

covered with notices of marriage, from all which I am led to conclude, that the sacred institution is in no danger of falling into disuse, and that we are still far from that corrupt time, when celibacy shall be esteemed an honour.

I am naturally very much inclined to praise the present times, at the expense of the past, yet I should hesitate before I ventured to affirm that the marriages of convenience which I have formerly seen solemnised, were less happy than those of inclination, which now take place. It is not very clearly demonstrated to me, that the reasons of parents, nay even their prejudices, are not better guarantees of a happy union, than the passions of young folks, than those sudden preferences, which are too often mistaken for the deeper feelings of the heart. But be this as it may, I shall not attempt to decide a question of so much importance, and until I may be able to produce in favour of my opinion, a mass of strong evidence, I must suppose that the advantages and the inconveniences of marriage, remain much the same as they were formerly, that nothing material has happened to work a change, and that my observations only apply to forms.

In older times girls were educated in convents, which they only quitted to marry. It was at the *Parlour Gate*, that the young lady received the first visit of her intended spouse. I yet remember the day on which I accompanied my father and mother to the convent of the Carmelites, to fetch away my eldest sister,

who was a few days afterwards to be led to the altar. I think I still see myself at the age of ten years and a half, in a French dress, with a sword by my side, seated in a grave assemblage of the family, to which my sister (adorned in a robe of satin figured with gold flowers, whose precious work unfolded itself in a train of six feet in length,) was introduced. I have not forgotten the little japan box, in which were enclosed the lace and family jewels specified in the marriage contract. But one circumstance is still more deeply engraven on my mind: that is, the moment when my sister, before setting out for church, threw herself on her knees before my father and mother, and begged their benediction. There was something very moving, very affecting in this patriarchal custom: perhaps it cannot subsist at the same time with that, which permits a girl to thee and thou her mother, (of late too much the custom.) But let us leave these old recollections and see how matters are now managed.

I had observed for several months, the assiduous visits paid by young Léon de Senneterre at the house of M. Dawn, one of the richest and most honourable of our bankers. The young man, whose father had been a friend of mine, had made me half his confidant, so that I was not much surprised, when last Monday I received an invitation, of which the first letter was formed of a Cupid with a flambeau, holding in his hand a garland of roses. The envelope contained, according to polite usage, let-

ters from both families, and I was amusing myself with examining the devices, when M. Léon de Senneterre was announced; he came to request my presence at the signature of the contract, and my assistance in the choice and purchase of the nuptial presents. As I had not sufficient reliance on my own taste, I begged to add to our party Madame de L——, who had been formerly of such great service to me on the day on which I acted the godfather.* We went, and our mission pleased her exceedingly. We entered the carriage and began our shopping. The choice of the dresses was the most important. Our first visit therefore, was to the Repository of Noustier. In a moment, Madame de L—— unrolled two hundred of the richest pieces and of the newest stuffs; and ten or twelve robes of satin velvet, Berlin net, plain, embroidered, and figured muslins, &c. &c. were speedily chosen.

Leaving Noustier's we repaired to a famous merchant, who accommodated us with two magnificent fur cloaks, just arrived from Vitinsky.

A Greek from Smyrna sold us four beautiful Cashmire shawls, among which was one, of colours so strange, and pattern so curious, in a word so ugly, that nothing less than the value of the three others was sufficient to pay for it.

The suit of diamonds had been ordered above three months ago at Sensier's; splendour and taste were never carried further. The box alone cost 2000 francs.

* See page 20.

In a country, in which the value of a gift is increased by the mode of presenting it, the choice of a marriage basket and *Sultan* was not to be neglected: Teissier was clever, or perhaps fortunate enough to leave nothing to be wished for on this head, even by Madame de L—— herself. The basket in form of an ancient altar, was not less remarkable for its elegance, than for its exquisite workmanship.—Allegorical designs of the most brilliant fancy, painted on velvet by the most distinguished artists, and surrounded by a border of pearl, ornamented the outside—within, the most precious aromatics exhaled at once, all the perfumes of Arabia.—Robes, diamonds, shawls, lace; all were enclosed in this splendid envelope. The *Sultan* itself, of a plain and simple form, was ornamented with garlands of roses, executed in the finest style in Chenille, and contained gloves, essences, pastilles, some phials of Eau de Ninon, and a few Eastern cosmetics.

On our arrival at the house where all were assembled to witness the signature of the contract, Léon hastened to lay his offering at the feet of the beautiful Victorine. The ladies' curiosity precluded delay in ransacking the contents of the basket: every thing must be seen and examined piece by piece. The young folks tried on the diamonds, dressed themselves in the shawls, and now and then a sigh betrayed the little jealousy, which vanity could not fail to excite at the gorgeous display.

M. Dawn ordered the marriage gifts to be taken to his daughter's chamber, and there placed in order: the notary gravely put on his spectacles and began to read his Gothic jargon, of which, happily for her modesty, the young bride understood not a single word; Léon whispers apart, to ask if it was necessary to have eight pages written, to record that their love should be eternal, and that their future fortune, pains and pleasures should be mutual. The reading finished, each party signed; the public officer being a friend of the family, had brought the register with him: the act was enrolled, and Victorine was then saluted as Countess de Senneterre, which title nevertheless, she would not accept until next day, when she should have received the nuptial benediction in the church of St. Roch. The ceremony was short, but impressive; Victorine, after the low mass which finished it, with difficulty concealed behind her prayer book, the emotion which she felt. On leaving the church, while waiting for the carriages, I could not see without a secret pleasure, that she emptied her purse into the poor's box, seeking at the same time to avoid all observation.

Old General Senneterre had insisted that the marriage should be celebrated at his seat, two leagues from Paris. It was noon when we reached that place. The youths of the village had assembled at the entrance of the avenue, and on our alighting, saluted us with a discharge of musketry, and the girls brought nosebags to

the new-married couple, who could not reach the parlour were breakfast awaited us, without receiving the congratulations of the bailiff—the steward—the gardener—the farmers, and all the people belonging to the Chateau.

The guests arrived one after another, and the felicitations occupied the time till the dinner hour, long delayed by an Epithalamium, which, thanks to the ancient preceptor of Léon, had been composed in honour of the occasion ; by divers couplets, with which each person came furnished ; and by the gaiety of the old general, who finished the entertainment by a sermon to his nephew, of which, I recollect only the last sentence :

“ Remember my dear Léon, that in a year at farthest, we must celebrate another feast here ; and never forget that the most serious complaint a woman can have against her husband, is that with which a Spanish lady made the tribunals of Madrid resound. *Mi marido es grand musico, buen escrivano, singular con-tador, salvo que no multiplica.*”

At the sound of violins, the company rose from the table to dance. Julian directed the orchestra. To oblige her father, the bride opened the ball with a minuet, which she danced in a style so graceful, as to reconcile me completely to that generally insipid dance—quadrilles—waltzes, and English country dances succeeded, with so much spirit, and small loss of time, that it was two o'clock in the morning before the departure of the new-married couple

was perceived. It was daylight when we separated. The family and their most intimate friends slept at the chateau, and met at dinner the next day. The presence of the bride was anxiously looked for—she appeared, and I immediately recollected the charming verses of Desmahis :

La jeune épouse de la ville,
Tout a-la-fois pâle et vermeille,
Avait encor l'air étonné ;
Et tout ensemble heureuse et sage,
Laissait sur son visage
Le Plaisir qu'elle avait donné.

The blushing fair one's changing cheek,
Her downcast eye, and aspect meek,
The various thoughts within betray,
As o'er her face the colours play,
And tell to every friend around,
The joy she gave, the bliss she found.

No. XVII.—24th May, 1812.

THE THREE VISITS.

Singula quaque locum teneant sortita decenter.

HOR. ARS. POET. V. 92.

Place each person and thing in their proper situation.

IN the year 1637, a great-uncle of my grandfather, purchased of an attorney, a house situated in Rue de la Feronnerie, near the charnel house of the Innocents : it was the very house in which Ravaillac had endeavoured to conceal himself seven-and-twenty years before on the fatal 14th of May. My grand-uncle, who had been an officer in the guards, under Louis XIII. ordered the house which had contained this monster for a few hours to be pulled down, and built two shops on its site. In one he established as a trader the eldest daughter of his nurse, and in the other he placed at the head of a small assortment of grocery, the son of one of his tenants, whom he had the courage to acknowledge as a relation—(and this by the way, was the reason why none of my step-cousins could enter into the chapters of German nobility.) These two establishments have prospered from one generation to another. The first increased pro-

gressively, and passed without ostentation from small-wares to lace; and about the middle of the last century, M. Bonnefoi, one of the descendants in the male line from the nurse's daughter, raised the business to a hosier's, and his children now carry on in partnership, on the same spot, one of the best regulated and most frequented shops in the capital, for caps and stockings. The second of these institutions became to its proprietor the source of a fortune still more brilliant and rapid. From father to son succeeded, a grocer, a collector of taxes, a provision contractor, a former general's deputy, a stock-broker, a partner with Paris Duvérney; and my relation M. Derville is at this moment, in the person of his adopted great grandson, one of the richest and most esteemed bankers in Paris. It is a circumstance worthy of remark, that these two families have preserved a sort of hereditary gratitude for me, out of which springs a friendship that I cultivate with pleasure. Twelve or fifteen thousand livres a year, gained by laborious industry in the profession of his forefathers, far from giving birth in the mind of the hosier to an ambition but too common in the world, of changing his habitation and mode of life, have only served to render his home and his habits, to which so many happy recollections are attached, still more dear to him. Our financier resides in a charming mansion in the Rue Cérutti, but he has lately retaken his paternal dwelling, which he has transformed into a lottery office: the ma-

nagement of which he has confided to a very pretty widow.

It so happened that last week I received three invitations for the same day. The hosier begged me to do him the friendship—the financier to do him the pleasure, and the prince of N—— to do him the honour of passing the evening with him. I did not like to refuse the one; I wished to go to the other, and I could not dispense with the invitation of the third. This triple task appeared at first impossible to fulfil; but on recollecting that the evening of different classes of society is composed of very different hours, and that by making a good use of the opportunity offered me, I might be able to observe various contrasts, and perhaps gather a few new observations, I made arrangements to attend the three engagements.

The hosier, M. Bonnefoi, dines at two o'clock; he has chosen this as a medium between the fashion and his former habits. At four o'clock, when I arrived, they were taking coffee in a little back parlour, rather dark, (the furniture of faded blue and white Chinese silk) and which served by turns for a counting house, dining parlour, and drawing room. For that day the business of the shop was entrusted to the care of their two clerks; one of whom appeared to possess the confidence of the master of the house. The family of the honest tradesman consisted of M. Bonnefoi the elder, of the heir presumptive to the hosiery business, of Matthew Bonnefoi, who was second clerk at a no-

tary's, and of Miss Victoria Bonnefoi, who had just attained her sixteenth year, and on whom already rested the whole weight of the household affairs. The entire house was under the direction of Madame Bonnefoi, whose activity, knowledge, and, if the whole truth must be spoken, whose despotic sway left little for her husband to do. Two or three male and as many female acquaintances completed the company. My entrance interrupted a most interesting dissertation on cotton and woollen net-caps, East India silk stockings, and socks of unbleached *Moulins* thread. After a little conversation on subjects of more variety and general interest, such as the scandal of the neighbourhood, the embellishments of Paris, the price of provisions in the market, and the danger of copper stew pans, Miss Victoria (accompanying herself on a spinnet which bore date anno 1737) sung two or three songs from "l'Epicurien Français," which Mr. Charles, the youngest of the shopmen, had taken care to select for her. After this little concert, the table was covered with a *Bergame* cloth. At one end M. Bonnefoi began a game of drafts with M. Delbeuf a linen draper at the sign of Blue Beard; while at the other the mistress of the house made a party at piquet, with the first singer at St. Eustache, whose long and familiar intimacy at M. Bonnefoi's had now and then given occasion for a little exercise of the tongue of scandal. The rest of the circle gathered round M. Cocherel, a post office

clerk,* who having twice or thrice performed the journey from Paris to Bourdeaux in the cabriolet of a diligence, thought himself a fit rival for Tavernier and Humboldt. At nine o'clock I left them. As I crossed the shop, I thought I perceived little Charles, speaking with some emotion to Miss Victoria, who listened to him attentively with her eyes cast down upon her work. She blushed on seeing me, from modesty more than surprise, and I doubted not but the young shop-boy would one day become the shop-master.

I had gone on foot to M. Bonnefoi's: out of respect to my white silk stockings, I now took a hackney coach for M. Derville's, where I found a company, if not the most brilliant, at least the most amiable in Paris. There might be found wit without arrogance, learning without pedantry, great names without pride, and gaiety without confusion. Mme. Derville was at once the soul and model of this charming society. Her elements were variously composed; but their oppositions were not contrasts. She possessed in the highest degree, that secret of delicate souls, which Marmontel defines to be the art of reconciling that which we desire with that which is proper for us. Nothing could be finer than her person; nothing more brilliant than her conversation. Her *bon mots* are quoted and repeated every where; and, wonderful to relate, they never give pain to any one.

* Employé Emérite des Messageries.

If we reflect on the state of such society, we must be struck with the idea of the prodigious change wrought by the last century in the manners and customs of the commercial class.—*Turcaret* is now nothing more than a fanciful picture, painted by a great master, but to which we should be unable to discover a single resemblance. I only speak with relation to manners and exterior forms; nor do I mean to affirm that the change is really so great or complete as at first glance it appears to be. At eleven o'clock punch and ices were served, and I chose that moment to depart, informing Madame Derville of the ceremonious visit I had to pay.—“I should not wish,” said she laughing, “that you should go to such a house in a hackney coach. My carriage is ready, and at your service. It will not certainly be very conspicuous for its armorial bearings; but nevertheless it will enter the court yard. Servants without liveries are not permitted to pass the first anti-chamber; but you will find mine, on coming out, ready to give you your great coat, and call up the carriage.” I immediately accepted her offer, and returned home to alter my dress. I left my toilette habited in a trimmed velvet suit, which had been made for me in the year 1783: I armed myself with a brilliant handled steel sword, whose rusty blade has become inseparable from its scabbard, and covering my bald front with a hat and feathers, drove in this ridiculous dress to l’Hotel de——. I remarked with more compassion than pride

several fine gentlemen in embroidered cloathes, who descended from ignoble hacks at the corner of the street, and crossed the court on tip-toe, seeking to avoid being seen by those whose carriages entered at the same time. I alighted at the foot of the grand staircase, and arrived between two rows of powdered lacqueys of every denomination, at the entrance of the apartments, where a valet opened and closed the folding doors, while a hussar, with the voice of a Stentor, announced the visitors, mangling the foreign names in the most barbarous manner, and pitching the elevation of his voice according to the importance of the title which presented itself. For my own part I glided in almost incognito between a Highness and an Excellency, and with some difficulty penetrated as far as the magnificent saloon, which contained the Princess, surrounded by ladies sparkling with diamonds, who occupied according to their rank and distinction, places more or less near to her. The Princess seemed to be weary, and the ladies did not appear much better amused. They eyed one another, whispered aside to those next them, and some criticism or little piece of scandal alone now and then enlivened the listlessness with which they were overwhelmed.

The Prince was walking up and down a superb gallery, attended by a few great personages; among whom were generals distinguished by their famous exploits, men celebrated for their genius, and magistrates honoured for their integrity. I knew not in what class to

place a little gentleman with a sword by his side, but without a hat or any ornament, who ranged all the apartments with a look of great business, now giving orders to the footmen, now whispering in the Prince's ear, and now presenting the ladies to the Princess. I learnt that he was a sort of factotum, one of those *respectable* table companions who have just wit enough to regulate the etiquette of a great house, and whom the public (generally without reason) think in high favour with its owner.

It was one o'clock when I retired, not quite certain whether I had been perceived, but well satisfied with having fulfilled a duty, and convinced *that the great bestow no attention at their own homes, but upon those who are absent.*

In accounting to myself for my evening, I affirmed with all the good faith I profess, and especially towards myself, that simplicity and cordiality would draw me much oftener to the back parlour of M. Bonnefoi, if the first was not too near a-kin to bad taste, and if to say the truth the impertinences of the lower class of citizens were not more insupportable than all the rest;—that I should think most highly of the gaiety, wit, and ease which reigns in the drawing room of Madame Derville, wishing only a benevolence more extended, principles and morals a little more solid, and perhaps commerce a little more certain,—and in fine, that all hopes of pleasure must be renounced, where etiquette, ceremony, and restraint bear sway.

No. XVIII.—6th June, 1812:

THE COUNTRY EXCURSION,

A mighty pomp, tho' made of little things.

DRYDEN.

Que cette pomp brillante est composée de petites choses !

THE taste, or rather let me say the mania for the country, has never been so widely diffused as it now is among the Parisians. A rural fever has ceased on all classes of society ; a person is at this season ashamed to be met in Paris, and only accosts his friend to declare that he has just arrived from, or is just setting out for, the country. The great folks go to drink the waters at Barrèges, at Tæplitz, or at Spa. The rich classes retire to their seats, some leagues from the capital : the good citizens hire a corner of land at Passy, Chaillot, or Boulogne ; and the mechanics pass their Sundays in the meadows of St. Gervais, or the woods of Romainville. It is only among the middling class of citizens, that country jaunts are planned six months beforehand, and to accomplish which, they hoard up, during the winter the produce *du flambeau de la bouillotte à 30 sous*,* which,

* A game at cards,

in spite of the fashion, they continue to play every evening in certain houses of *La Cité*, and the faubourg St. Jacques. The choice of the place, the number of the company, the point of rendezvous, the moment of departure, the means of carriage, the species and quality of provisions to be taken, all are weighed, calculated, and discussed, as if it was intended to effect a settlement in New Holland. I have long remarked that pleasure must be caught flying, instead of appointing a place to meet her, and I have seldom found that these projected amusements, so long in preparation, have answered the ideas which were formed of them: among many little adventures of which I have been witness, and which I could adduce as proofs of this truth, I will relate the most recent.

M. Vaucels is an old clerk in the office for foreign affairs, retired to his house in the faubourg St. Jacques, where his fortune enables him to receive the best company of the *Estrapade* and *Place St. Michel*. He enjoys in his quarter all the consideration due to an excellent reputation and exemplary probity, and the privilege of citing at all times the names of Cardinal de Bernis, and M. de Vergennes, and the treaty of '56, on the business of which he had the honour of making two journies. The recovery of Madame Vaucels from a serious illness, which had caused her family and friends much inquietude, suggested the idea of a little fête which was deliberated upon through the

winter, and the 20th of May fixed as its epoch. The spot pitched on was the heights of Chaville, at the *Ferme Ornée* of M. Durivage, the son-in-law of M. Vaucels. The motive for the party and the particular esteem I entertain for the family with whom I have been long connected, made it a kind of duty, that I should attend this company, though I expected very little pleasure from it. I had at first been commissioned by the mistress of the house to arrange the programme of the entertainment, but her husband would not surrender this right, insisting that it belonged to the department for foreign affairs. He, therefore, assigned to every one their employment. M. Crochard, an old attorney, and one of the most skilful epicures of the ancient *Bagoche*, was entrusted with purveying the eatables, and M. Franc, a grocer in the Rue Fossé-St-Jacques, undertook to hire the vehicles. Our little caravan consisted of seventeen persons, M. and Madame Vaucels; M. Durivage, his wife and their daughter Emily, who was seventeen years of age and the prettiest figure in the world: five persons of M. Crochard's family, the most interesting of whom, particularly in the eyes of Emily, was young Augustus Crochard, first clerk in his father's office: M. Franc and his sister Madame Desnoyers, a widow, neither young nor old, but rich enough to assure herself of all the advantages of youth; M. Frimont, a recitor at the Lyceum of Charlemagne and a wit of the *pays Latin*, renowned for his festi-

val couplets, his drinking songs, and his social qualities; and lastly, a cousin of Madame de Vaucels, who was an officer in the Paris Guards; a Miss Binet, an old maid, only daughter of an ancient register in the Tax-office: a physician, and myself. Two hackney coaches, a German gondola, and a *char-a-bancs*, were placed at the disposal of the company, who were to assemble at six in the morning at the *Place Cambrai*.—M. Crochard made his appearance at break of day, that he might himself pack up, and deposit in the *char-a-bancs*, the package containing a calf's head *du fruits-certain*, dressed by the hand of M. Varin himself, the pies, the cold dishes, and two hampers of different sorts of wine: the baskets of the other conveyances were stuffed with coffee and cordials, and all the delicacies of the desert. Every thing was ready, and not a soul had arrived; eight o'clock struck, and hardly a sufficient number had assembled to fill one carriage. M. Crochard became impatient; the coachmen swore; the more punctual of the party, among whom I was one, began to pass in review the faults and follies of those absent. The servants ran from one house to another to hurry the ladies;—at last they come, but one had forgot her umbrella, another her work-bag, and a third the key of her drawers. We could not, however, permit them to return, and, in an indifferent temper, we mounted the carriages, after having disputed most politely at the door above a

quarter of an hour who should give up the front seats.

It was near ten o'clock, and we were just setting off, when we perceived that Madlle. Binet, whom the care of her birds, her gold fish, her three cats, and her spaniel had, without doubt, delayed, was still among the missing. M. Frimont was sent to look for her: they missed each other on the road, and we departed without the recitor, who was appointed to rejoin the carriages at the barriers with his friend the officer, who agreed to stay behind for him.

Without mentioning a multitude of little contrary accidents, which retarded our course through the streets of Paris, I come to a veritable catastrophe. Madame Desnoyers was the only lady in the char-a-bancs, in which I was seated; our evil genius suggested to her the idea of driving a miserable horse, which was harnessed to the frail vehicle. M. Crochard and myself made some observations which were evidently displeasing to her, and to which she replied by overturning us into a small ditch on the road side, opposite the *Chemin D'Auteuil*. The chief misfortune which ensued from our downfall was the loss of the greater part of our best provisions—the calf's head rolled into the ditch, leaving behind a tract of lobsters and mushrooms; the bottles were dashed in pieces by the shock; and the wine ran in torrents on the ground before the eyes of M. Crochard, whose despair had something in it so comic,

that the violent laughter into which it threw me, prevented me for some moments from rising from the earth. With some difficulty we put our carriage to rights, and were the last to arrive at Chaville, where the relation of our disaster filled all the company with dismay,—the ride and the air having created an appetite to which this accident was a terrible baulk. While M. Crochard collected together the remains of the feast, and availed himself of all the resources which the neighbourhood afforded to provide the dinner, M. Durivage had the cruelty to seize myself and two or three other gentlemen of the party, and compel us to trudge with him all over his farm, and thirty-seven acres of land, of which it consisted, without sparing us even a foot of meadow. The ladies seated in a barn which served for a sort of drawing room, began to complain of the uneasiness of the church chairs, which the overseer's wife had lent them. Young Emily pouted in a corner at Augustus, who had refused to take his place beside her in the gondola, and preferred diverting himself with galloping about on a hack horse. As we returned from our survey, Frimont and the officer who had hoped to overtake the carriages arrived, having walked all the way, and being violently heated, as well in body as in temper. They quarrelled with every thing, and cursed Madlle. Binet and her menagerie pretty frequently. Having however exhausted their spleen, the poet Frimont began to think of the verses he had promised on the

recovery of Madame de Vaucels, and seated himself on the stump of an old willow tree, lately lopped, (the only shelter for a quarter of a league round) to endeavour to adapt a few couplets, which he always had in reserve, to present circumstances. During this time the cloth was laid, but a pastoral observation of the physician put into their heads the idea of dining in the open air on a piece of turf hard by, on which indeed the grass was rather thinly spread. — Some remains of the pies, an omelet, a salad mixed up with oil from the farm which smelt most unfortunately, and a few bottles of wine of such a quality, that in comparison with it the wine de Surène might pass for nectar, were carried to this place. Our appetite would have accommodated itself to this frugal repast, but to complete our troubles, a sudden storm of rain descended on our table, as the Harpies did on that of Æneas. Notwithstanding our utmost celerity in carrying the viands to a shelter, even the most hungry of us could not profit by them. Frimont, who had sacrificed his dinner to his glory, was not now willing to lose the fruit. He sung, to the tune of the *Requie Sensible*, a romance which met with no success among us. His vanity was piqued, and he revenged it on the vanity of others. Ill humour was fast seizing us all, and to put an end to it, nothing appeared better than to return to Paris. This movement reconciled every body, and all agreed that but for these little accidents the party would have been delightful. Durivage even

talked of having his revenge next month, but for myself, satisfied with the proof which I had given of the interest I took in the re-establishment of Madame de Vaucels' health, I determined not to offer a second of the same sort, and resolved for the future to be upon my guard against all *Fermes Ornées*, never to go to country houses but where the masters are there to receive you, where your dinner does not depend on the stumbling of a horse or a shower of rain, where the vanity of the host is tempered by his politeness—in a word, to go into the country only for shade, repose, liberty; and above all where those pretensions and follies which the customs of a city forces one to endure, but which appear insupportable in the country because there we do not expect to meet with them, are forgotten.

No. XIX.—13th June, 1812.

THE NOSEGAY GIRL.

Non semper idem floribus est honos
Vernis.

HOR. Od. 8. Lib. 2.

Les fleurs du printems ne brillent pas toujours.

The flowers of Spring are not always in bloom.

SUCH is the sense of this verse of Horace, which may also be translated in this manner,

“On n’attache pas toujours le même prix aux fleurs.”

“We do not always set the same value upon flowers.”

I have known the time when the purchase of a nosegay, was an affair of the highest importance to me: I found in it a source of ideas so pleasing, of promises so flattering, of returns so sweet! I no longer see any thing in it but a gage of friendship, and still oftener but a tribute to conveniency. I was an excellent customer to the flower girls, throughout the whole year, now they see me but on certain festivals, among which I reckon more than one day of mourning.

I never was an admirer of the old mode of wearing bouquets on the breast, the least inconvenience of which, was to eclipse, if I may say it, a beautiful bosom, by veiling the half of it under a mass of flowers, collected without taste, and arranged without elegance. These ceremonious nosegays are no longer used, even in full dress, except at the three solemnities, of marriage, of baptism, and of a charity sermon. Gathered flowers are now carried only in the hand; it is the fashion at the promenade, the theatre, and in a carriage, to carry a bouquet of roses, heliotropes, violets or pinks,—the only flowers whose perfumes are in accord with the nerves of our ladies, which become every day more delicate.

The holyday of St. Claude, led me last Saturday to the flower shop in the passage Feydeau; its mistress is one of my oldest acquaintances: she was only fifteen when I recollect her behind the scenes of the theatre D'Audinot, where she served her apprenticeship with the nosegay woman: little Maria was then as fresh as her flowers. Forty years have "wrought strange alterations" on a human figure. I never see the good Madame Bernard but I discourse with her on times past, and even times present, with which she is better acquainted in many respects, than I am myself. As we were gossiping the other day, I noticed the particular attention which she paid to the composition of a nosegay, according to a paper which she consulted every minute, and I presumed she was

making some botanical hieroglyphic. "In your time and mine," said she, "we never thought of talking by flowers; a hyacinth, a rose, a pink, said nothing, or at the utmost said the same thing; now-a-days, every flower is a letter, a thought, or a sentiment, and such is the eloquence of the language, that in placing this fox-glove by the side of this larkspur, I shall be sure to give a fainting fit to the person, to whom the bouquet is addressed."—I did not think proper to cut short a learned conversation with Madame Bernard, in order to learn of her the origin of a language, which has one great inconveniency attached to it, that of being only capable of being spoken at one season of the year, but chose rather to improve upon the readiness which she shewed to instruct me, questioning her on every person who successively presented themselves at her blooming counter.

The first I saw were three children, uniformly drest, led by a governess, whose care of them resembled the tenderness of a mother. They came to provide themselves with flowers for the *birth-day* of their grandpapa. To each was given a small bouquet of pansies and amaranths; in vain the little urchins grieved out for finer flowers, the governess told them "that Monsieur L'Abbé," (possibly their preceptor) "had desired no others might be bought;" I guessed the reason, as I listened to the *compliment* which the eldest muttered in a low voice—I learned from Madame Bernard, that these children

were the *sons and grandsons* of M. R—— a notary, and that they belonged to one of those families, which are more numerous in Paris than is generally supposed, where manners and virtues are hereditary, and where patriarchal customs are preserved with religious fidelity, from generation to generation.

A moment after, a spruce lady's maid stepped up very courteously, and perhaps I observed her grace and gentility with an eye rather too favourable: she was dressed in a close robe of striped muslin, before her an apron with two little pockets of *percale* of the most beautiful whiteness and extremely fine. There was a great deal of art and coquetry in the arrangement of her lace bonnet, which, covered with an East Indian handkerchief, composed her head-dress, and even in the pretty cotton stockings with open clocks, and black kid shoes which she displayed. The smart soubrette had come to make her daily provision of flowers for her mistress's boudoir. I endeavoured to guess her situation as I listened to the girl's unreserved description to Madame Bernard of "this boudoir, the most beautiful retirement, in which a double curtain of muslin and taffeta admitted a doubtful light, where every thing was sacrificed to the effect or to the convenience of a sofa of sky blue, in the Turkish style, with black fringe." I hesitated what to think when the girl after heaping into a large basket, roots of roses, pinks, and orange flowets, left the

shop, saying with an arch smile, "*the gentleman will pay you.*"—

Madame Bernard was about to give me some details of the waiting maid, the lady, and the gentleman, whose credit seemed so well established with her, when we were interrupted by a handsome young man, with rather a melancholy air, who desired a basket of mixed flowers to be brought to him, selected a few, and throwing a piece of money on the counter, quitted the shop. "Every day," (said she, after he was gone, anticipating the question I was about to ask,) "this young man comes here to compose his message; he thinks me a stranger to his language, and does not doubt but he keeps me in ignorance of his intrigue: to-day, his nosegay of narcissus, reseda, and anemones, indicates a violent fit of jealousy, and threatens to break off with the lady of his affections, whom I do not name to you because she is one of my best customers: she will carry her reply this evening on her straw hat in the grand walk of the Tuilleries: it is very likely she will exculpate herself by a tuft of blue bells, unless taking advantage of the expression of the reseda, she should determine at once to break a connexion, which makes neither one nor the other happy."

To this young man succeeded one of those veterans in the annals of gallantry, of whom Potier affords so perfect an imitation at the Theatre des Variétés. This old beau, preserves at fifty-five years of age, the manners,

tastes, and habits, which were hardly bearable in him at thirty. He spends, or rather he mis-spends his whole morning at the toilette of several ladies, for whom he executes certain commissions, without troubling himself to guess the motive, which induces them to permit him to make a third with them in their box, or to accept his arm on leaving the theatre. Madame Bernard was very attentive to him. For him the first violets blow, and the most forward roses are gathered. It is true however, that she makes him pay dearly for his eternal youth.

I was so much occupied with this ancient Lovelace, that I had not paid much attention to a middle aged man of a neat appearance who entered, and left the shop without speaking a word, after paying for a small bouquet of heliotropes, which Mme. Bernard prepared for him unasked. She made me observe him: "look well at him," said she, "he is a unique of his species, not indeed as a painter, though in that he is highly distinguished, but as a husband. It is nearly eleven years since he lost a wife, whom he adored, and from that time, on the 6th of every month, the day on which she died, he never fails to carry to her tomb a nosegay of these flowers, which when living she most admired." I should like to see proof of this fact, for I can easily believe the excess of sorrow, but not its duration. I have seen people die of grief in a fortnight; I have seen very few who would even weep ten years after as severe a loss.

I was about to quit Madame Bernard, when I saw a young author arrive. He came to order bouquets for two actresses who were to play that evening in his new piece. By his assurance, and the difficulty which he had in finding any thing beautiful enough for these ladies, I easily surmised that he was very well pleased with himself, and had a pretty good opinion of his work. The flower woman, who knew him, laughing, asked him "if she should prepare the nosegays, which are presented by the underlings of the theatre to an author, on the morrow after his success:" he replied modestly, "that nothing was certain, and that his piece like '*the Misanthrope*,' might be condemned at a first representation." The next day's Journals informed me, that the chef d'œuvre of this modest author had really met with the fate of that of Molière. It is to be feared that it will not rise again so victoriously, from its fall.*

* The history of *Corporal Violet* would form a curious episode to this essay. Tr.

No. XX.—27th June, 1812.

THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

What an empty thoughtless tribe.

ENGL. MUSES.*

Quelle foule insensée et frivole !

I TAKE another glance at the ancient garden of the Palais-Royal, laid out according to the designs of the Sieur Desgots, nephew of the celebrated Le Notre; these two similar parterres bordered with clipped trees; this grand basin in the form of a crescent, surrounded by arbours, in the numerous niches of which are placed very indifferent statues, by Guillaume Coustou and de Leremburg; this quincunx of linden trees; this magnificently embowered alley, enclosed on both sides with elm cut into porticoes. This beautiful garden where my grand-father has seen the mentor of Louis XIII. walk, enjoying his thoughtful reveries, and meditating with the same gravity, a plan of a campaign and a plan of a tragedy, the siege of Rochelle and a couplet to Marion de Lorme ;

* Qu. What authority is this? Tr.

this garden was in my younger days, frequented by three very distinct classes of people. One of these was composed of speculatists, better known under the appellation of *Gobemouches*, who regulated *incognito* the interests of Europe; the second formed a sort of academy under the trees, in which the merits of *Zaire* and *Rhadamiste* were discussed scene by scene, and verse by verse; in which, while they swallowed an ice, they settled the rank of authors in the scale of literature, and in the seats of the Academy; the third, chiefly made up of men of the world and *second-rate* authors, was an assemblage at once the most gay and most malignant that the world could produce: there they distributed the commissions of the regiment of *La Calotte*; there they administered justice in *Vaudouilles* and in epigrams on the follies of the times, the calumniators of the *Encyclopedia*, the disparagers of Jesuit's bark, and the contemners of inoculation.—All the amateurs of the theatre met, previous to the hour at which the spectacle opened, at the *Café de Foy*, then the only one in the Palais-Royal; thence they departed in groups for the opera, at that time within the limits of the Palais itself, for the Tuilleries and the Rue Mauconseil, where were situated the *Comédie Française* and the Italian Comedy; and, when all was over, they returned to the same place to give an account of the representations which they had witnessed.—

Such was the state of things in the Palais-Royal in 1762, when I departed on a distant

voyage. On my return, all was changed. Immense galleries and innumerable shops had superseded the linden tree alleys, and the arborescent porticoes; I fancied myself again at the fair of Cairo, or in the great market of Ispahan. People loudly exclaimed against a Prince, who had, they declared, speculated upon the dishonour of his palace, and who lost, in the general estimation, more than he gained in revenue. These censures, raised by the proprietors of neighbouring houses, who were not benefited by the alteration, were as unjust as they were ridiculous; and the public clamour excited by this circumstance, perhaps merited that contempt which this Prince too openly manifested, and which he has since so cruelly expiated.

The physiognomy of the frequenters of the Palais-Royal, has changed with the features of the place itself; it is however a sort of *Camera Obscura*, where we may see all that is going on in the capital; a receptacle in which is mingled all the follies, all the vices, all the absurdities, all the pleasures, and all the miseries of humanity. For many years I have only seen the Palais-Royal when I crossed it, with no other feeling than a repugnance attached to some sorrowful recollections, which forbade my stopping to indulge in contemplation. This ancient antipathy yielded to the desire of fulfilling, to the utmost extent, my task of observation, and I mustered resolution to consecrate a whole day,

to visit this grand mart of Europe, and to study the manners of its population.

I went thither on Thursday last, at eight o'clock in the morning, after having made some purchases in the Rue St. Denis. The first contrast which struck me, arose from the bustle in the one quarter, and the perfect tranquillity which, at the same moment, reigned in the other. All the merchants of the Rue St. Denis had been for a long time at their counters; all the shops of the Palais-Royal, except those for eatables, were still shut. I went and took my seat in a chair beside the Rotunda, where I might for a couple of sous procure a reading of the Journals. It was the day after the performance of a new piece, and many critical persons were disputing upon the subject. Of six daily Journals, two declared that the play was condemned; the other four asserted that it had the most brilliant success: I remarked with an emotion of pain, that the majority of my companions were particularly anxious to peruse the two malevolent papers, and I concluded that *envy* and *hate* rose earlier in the morning, than *justice* and *mercy*!

The garden began to fill with three sorts of people, whom we are almost sure to find together, and who seek to employ, these their time, those their money, and the last their industry. The first are easily known; with an air of listlessness which even makes others feel fatigued, they drag their steps from alley to gallery, from coffee house to chair, and at last, arrive at the

evening, without the capability of giving an account of a single action performed during the day. The second, without being more occupied are nevertheless more busy: they run through all the shops, create phantasies which they denominate wants, and perpetually the dupes of themselves or of others, they always finish, without leaving the Palais-Royal, by finding occasion to empty their purse. The third class is by much the most numerous: the persons who compose it, are readily recognised by their alacrity in preventing your wishes, by their *obsequious* civilities, and by the earnestness with which they inquire of you the *news of the day*, in order to draw from you an insignificant answer, and afford them a pretext for entering into conversation with you to-morrow, and treat you from the familiarity of yesterday as an old acquaintance.

At ten o'clock I entered the Café de Chartres, where I have formerly witnessed quarrels between the *green cockade* and the *white cockade*, the *Montagne* and the *Gironde*: abandoned for a long time to the peaceful players at draughts and dominos, it is nevertheless in high repute with professed epicures. The *Café Hardi* has seen its renown, for *kidneys* disappear before the fame for *perriwinkles with mushrooms* of the *Café de Chartres*, where those persons generally breakfast, who intend to dine at the *Rocher de Cancale*. I called for tea; a lusty man, who was placing upon the adjoining table a pullet *a la tartare*, regarded me with a look

of pity; ill humour seized upon me; I left the room, and went to the *Café Lemblin*. This coffee house of modern institution will not be slow in making a noise in the world, if it adheres to the project of making itself the focus of the musical faction, or rather of the antimusical, who propose to themselves the noble task of decrying a public establishment, which is an honour to France. Already have some of the trusty brethren proclaimed their opinions in favour of the music of M. Belloni, which they never heard, and against the music of M. Catel, which they despair of ever hearing. No harmony, no orchestra, no noise! they cry with all their might; let us have singing.—— But, gentlemen, at least melody,——No melody! let us have singing, nothing but singing. How foolish and contemptible a dispute! perhaps a single word might bring it to a termination; but there are so many persons whom it amuses, so many others whom it engages, without taking into account those who live upon it, that it might not be expedient to pronounce that word to shut the mouths of the professors of the *Café Lemblin*.

At noon the Palais-Royal shines in all its splendour; the shops are crowded; the people of business hurry through the alleys; the old men seat themselves in the sun; the idlers lounge under the galleries, occasionally stopping to contemplate the windows of the toy warehouses, or amuse themselves by reading the hand-bills with which the walls are papered.

While diverting myself with the perusal of these bills, I noticed a fine young man with his coat of silk, polished buttons, vest of flame-coloured satin, green fringe, and his small-clothes of yellow kerseymere, enter the shop of a merchant tailor, at the sign of the Golden Arm, whom I had no hesitation in determining to be some honest countryman, who had arrived the preceding day by the passage boat of *Bourbonnais* : he remained for nearly half an hour in this warehouse. Curious to learn what he could be doing, I had the patience to wait for him ; when to my great astonishment he issued forth newly clothed from head to foot, and so entirely altered by his fresh *costume*, that he might be remarked for his elegance, in the evening, at the balcony of the opera.

I quitted my countryman, and under the pretext of changing a glass of my spectacles, went into Haring the optician's, at the same time with a young man whose figure struck me as being very agreeable, if his swagger had not been equally insolent. He made a purchase of a pair of spectacles in silver gilt, an eye-glass in gold, and an opera glass. When asked by the optician the number of the glasses he used, he confessed that his sight was excellent ; that he only bought the eye-glass for the sake of suspending it round his neck by a band of plaited hair of a very brilliant colour ;* that he only

* The original is *couleur tres-voyante* ; a pun not susceptible of translation.

determined to wear spectacles in order not to be under the necessity of seeing all those who saluted him; and that he had no other use for an opera glass, but to have it noticed in the boxes.

On leaving Haring's I stopped with a number of simpletons at the door of Corcelet, the seller of provisions. Two or three maitres d'hôtels were chaffering upon the choice of their merchandise, and agreed to relieve the owner of some articles, of which he despaired of ever getting rid. If the probity of this class of persons were not pretty generally known, I should be tempted to suspect that these did not vouch with the bill of Corcelet, for the articles which they presented to their masters.

A few steps further on I observed in a fashionable shop a very pretty female, whose features were not altogether unknown to me. It was not however till after many efforts of memory that I recollected a certain little villager, daughter of an honest farmer in the vicinity of Bayeux, who came to Paris to be a child's maid, and had applied to a lady of my acquaintance. By the display of her finery, the familiarity of her manners, the kind of homage which she received, I guessed that she had not adhered strictly to her first avocation, but had taken a higher flight. I thought it useless to repeat to a pretty girl with a head dress *a la greque*, apprentice in a fashionable magazine under the wooden gallery, the lessons of morality which I had bestowed upon a little girl!

in a kerchief and *baubles**, the day after her arrival in Paris; but I pledge myself to devote some day to a special essay upon the reflections to which this meeting gave birth.

About four o'clock, the rotunda presented a picture the most interesting and varied. There the merchant of Leipsick encountered the trader of Amsterdam, with whom he had appointed this rendezvous six months before; there met together the happy gamblers who had not yesterday wherewithal to purchase a dinner, and who were able to day to spend forty francs at the *Frères Provençaux*; there assembled those brothers in arms, the inseparable companions of glory and pleasure:—those citizens of Marseilles, Bourdeaux, Toulouse, who were betrayed by their southern accent. In the crowd which circled round me, I remarked a young blood who followed a Broker, endeavouring to obtain from him half price for a watch made by Brequet, which a run of luck had enabled him yesterday to buy, and a change of fortune compelled him this day to sell. I listened with great amusement to another who detailed to his companion this example of gross rustic blunder of Montfort-l'Amaury. "He had some purchases to make; he went under the galleries into a warehouse of *novelties*: ten young girls of wonderful charms were ranged about the counter; to every article which he asked for, one of these damsels answered with

* A sort of head dress, much worn by the country women in France.

a laugh—*we don't keep that*; and he left the shop without the power of divining in what they could possibly deal, at a shop where they had not any thing !”

The dinner hour having arrived, I went to Naudet's, and when I re-descended, for the purpose of continuing my observations, I was not slow in perceiving that those which remained to be made in the Palais-Royal were no longer within the scope of my perceptions, and that there was in a particular corner a party which desired to avail itself of the shadow of evening.

No. XXI.—25th July, 1812.

THE INN YARD.

Dum oes exigitur, dum mula ligatur,
Tota abit hora.

HOR. SAT. V. LIB. I.

While we pay, and the horses are harnessed, an hour
is spent.

On raille les nouveau venus ;
On s'observe et l'on s'examine ;
Et trente voyageurs, l'un à l'autre inconnus.
Se jugent tour-a-tour, sur l'habit, sur la mine,
Sans se connaître on se cherche le soir ;
Dès le lendemain on s'oublie,
Et l'on se quitte enfin pour ne plus se revoir ;
C'est le vrai miroir de la vie.

MICHAUD, Poés. Fugit.

My readers are not obliged to recollect, that on the first of February last, when writing of the Learned Land (*pays Latin*) I mentioned a young man named Charles d'Essène, whom his relations had recommended to my care during his stay at Paris, to complete his studies, and take his degrees at l'Ecole de Droit; but as he is an *excellent subject*, and as the circumstances of his departure have given occasion to the observations in this day's essay, I shall doubtless

be forgiven for bringing him forward a second time.

Our student calling on me last week, brought a letter from his father which detailed some family affairs requiring the presence of his son at home, and concluded by requesting me to provide for the expenses and arrangements of his journey.—These were soon completed. I settled the young man's accounts at his lodging in the faubourg St. Jacques, and took a place for him in the Diligence, for the Monday following. The coach was to set out at five in the morning, and lest my young scholar should chance to be behind time, I undertook to go myself and awake him. At four o'clock, I was at the Hotel de Berri; Charles was ready, and Louisa (the lusty servant) had just corded his portmanteau. This good girl, loaded with the baggage, accompanied us to the inn in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, and quitted us with tears in her eyes, which she wiped every now and then with a checked apron, much distressed at the departure of Charles, and very grateful for the manner in which I rewarded her care.

We had half an hour before us, and I advised my young traveller to make use of it in swallowing a hasty breakfast at the neighbouring coffee-house, which had just opened, and during the interval I amused myself with what was passing around me. Every thing formed a little episode, of which some parts excited so lively an interest, and others were so ludicrous, that

their most minute particulars left an impression on my mind. Nobody can imagine how much is to be learnt in the yard of an inn, how many observations are there to be made, how many incidents take place, how many secrets are discovered. It is there that our novelists and romance writers, instead of confining themselves to the narrow circles of their own imaginations, should go to study nature, and there they would find her, or at least the colours in which to paint her. Whether, after the example of La Bruyère, they would trace striking characters; or, like Duclos, would observe them for the purpose of declaiming against the state of manners; or, in imitation of Le Sage, would employ themselves with the range of pictures of which human life is composed; or whether, like Sterne, they would confine themselves to interior descriptions, whose lively interest results from their truth and nature,—which ever of these pursuits be theirs, in no other place so limited can they find united so great a quantity of materials ready to be wrought up. What crowds of circumstances and of originals! The first person that strikes me is the conductor, less remarkable for his cap edged with fur, and his way bill in his hand, than for the air of importance and authority which he exercises towards the postillions and porters. It is worth while to see the little despot walking backwards and forwards in front of his charge, crying out to the smith for a linch-pin, to the farrier for a screw, packing

and unpacking portmanteaus and packages on the top or in the basket according to his caprice or interest, and without any attention to the remonstrances of the passengers.

Several Diligences were setting off; standing in the midst of horses harnessing, of travellers coming and going without intermission, of commissioners charged with the mails, of those who arrived swearing, of those who departed crying; one might suppose oneself in a town just taken by assault. The Diligence in which Charles was to mount was just opened, one passenger had entered it, who, by his long mustachios, his green great coat, the clatter of his white gaiter buttons, and his Biscayan cap, I discovered to be an officer in a regiment of horse;—he closed the coach-door after him, a young woman re-opened it very deliberately, called him by his name, and asked him to alight in a tone of voice not much unlike that of a command. The air of stupefaction, and quick compliance of the officer, left me no room to doubt but that he had left this lady rather hastily, and that she was now come to demand an account of his flight. To judge by their gestures and the expression of their countenances, the short confabulation which took place aside, passed through all the gradations of anger, spite, compassion, and love, so completely, that five minutes afterwards this new *Æneas* gave orders to the conductor to place the little package which his Dido had taken care to bring with her, on the top of the vehicle, gave

up his place to her in the inside, and took the only one which remained in the cabriolet.

On entering the office to pay the remainder of my pupil's fare, I stopped a moment to observe a young woman who was embracing an elderly man whom I should have taken for her father, except for the cold and unconcerned air with which he received her caresses. A few sentences of their conversation put me in possession of their history. It was an honest haberdasher in the Rue de la Féronnerie, going to St. Malo on business, and upon whom his better half bestowed the more caresses, in consideration of the fact, that during fifty-four years he had never been out of sight of his parish clock, nor had travelled further than Versailles or St. Cloud. She had therefore, under these circumstances, provided him against all the dangers, but not against all the inconveniences of his journey. He had a brace of horse-pistols in his pocket (which I believe he would have been somewhat embarrassed to have made use of) a sword stick, and a hanger, an umbrella in a green oilskin case, a great coat and a cotton cap, in the month of July; a little basket with two bottles of wine, some cold roast veal to enable him to avoid dining at the inns on the road, and a wicker bottle of Ratifia to comfort himself in the cold of the morning, formed the rest of his paraphernalia. This respectable citizen took his place in the coach after receiving the parting embrace of his wife, who, sobbing, left him. I should have been

half afraid of the consequences of such deep affliction, if my eyes had not assured me that chance had conducted to the door of the inn one of her neighbours, who entreated her to accept his arm to lead her home.

I entered the office again, curious to know the motive which induced a man, whom I had left seated on a parcel, to be so outrageously impatient, swearing at the conductor, and threatening to make him responsible for all the damage which should accrue to him for these five minutes delay. I could not possibly account for the agonies which he seemed to be suffering, but all was presently cleared up by the arrival of some officers who, furnished with a regular warrant, desired him to follow them. In vain did he convince them that he had paid for his place in the *Diligence*; they told him his proper place was at *Ste. Pelagie*, where his creditors were expecting him. He was obliged to yield to their earnest solicitations, but this was not done till he had, in an audible voice, imprecated curses on the *Diligence*, the conductor, the passengers, the postillions, the horses, and in a lump on all the coach offices in the world.

Among all the personages who surrounded me, the most grotesque without comparison, was a very fat man with a triple chin, seated on the pole of a coach, and eagerly taking an inventory of the contents of a basket of excellent eatables, while a young woman who accompanied him, took off his wig, and rubbed his

head with a piece of flannel. I approached to observe him a little more at my ease. He tapped me familiarly on the shoulder, asked where they would breakfast, and seemed delighted to learn that Meaux was the place. "A famous country," cried he. "It is indeed," said I, (mistaking the import of his exclamation,) "you will pass the house, where the *Eagle of Meaux* resided;" "That I don't trouble myself about," replied he, "I think less of all the eagles in the world than a good fat fowl, and those of Brie have a wonderful reputation."

This noble reflection had sufficiently convinced me, that the soul and body of this lusty *Vitellus* were wonderfully well matched; I left him to listen to a dispute which had just arisen between the conductor and an elegant woman round whom the people had gathered. The debate related to a trunk which she had occasion for every evening, and which had been unfortunately stowed away in the bottom of the *basket*. Through her laceveil, and under a great green calash, which concealed part of her pretty figure, I recognized one of our best actresses. She had obtained two months leave of absence from the manager, which she was about to employ in levying contributions on the country theatres, and not having an author in her train, she had provided herself beforehand with a few introductory addresses, farewells, prologues, epilogues, verses, &c. for every one of the towns through which she was to pass. The trunk in question enclosed all these objects of the first

importance, not to mention, however, an *Entrepreneur de Succes*,* for whom the priestess of Thalia had secured a place in the boat of the Diligence.

The hour approached, I entered the travellers' room where we were to meet after Charles's breakfast. A place of sorrowful farewells! A great number of persons were seated in pairs on a wooden bench which surrounded the room: near the window a young man and woman of most interesting appearance were weeping, their hands clasped together, and now and then they raised their eyes to each other, with an expression of the deepest affliction: a little further on a mother, at the moment of separation from her son, called to the standard of the most powerful of monarchs and the greatest of captains, was lavishing on him marks of the most affecting tenderness. The young man replied with affection, but proud of his new epaulettes, and full of brilliant hopes of glory, he could hardly contain the joy which beamed through his tears.—These moving pictures and others of a similar nature had completely saddened my ideas, and abandoning myself to the sad impressions around me, I said to myself, "There is but a slight difference between a cemetery and an inn-yard, both are places of separation." The arrival of Charles, the signal of departure given by the conductor, still further increased this melancholy, and I felt my-

* An undertaker for success.

self ready to shed tears without any real cause, when a circumstance, foolish enough in itself, dissipated at once these clouds of sorrow.

Those passengers who first entered the coach, had possessed themselves of the best places, and refused to give them up, notwithstanding the representations of the remainder. In short, they never would have come to a right understanding, if the conductor, armed with the way-bill, had not interposed his authority, and assigned to every one his proper seat. By this arrangement Charles was placed in the front, between an old ecclesiastic, who mumbled his breviary, and the little actress who hummed a tune. One of the seats by the door was occupied by the haberdasher, and the other, by a young physician, who had been maintaining a theory on aneurism. The lusty man who was enamoured of fat fowls, and the officer's lady were seated at the bottom of the vehicle, which their bulk, though meant for three persons, pretty well filled, and they flattered themselves, that they might depart without a third. The last adieus were breathed, the conductor was about to close the door, when a lady of fourteen stone weight, was squeezed into the coach, with the help of three persons who accompanied her, and, in a moment, jammed herself between the two neighbours at the bottom, who uttered a deep groan, which was answered by the rest of the company, by a violent burst of laughter. An addition to their misfortunes was, that the lady had preserved the old fashion

of wearing pockets, which were filled with a variety of implements, and caused the lusty gentleman to complain most bitterly, to the great amusement of every one. Things however, were much worse when her son threw into her lap a growling wolf dog, and her servant handed to her a wooden cage enclosing a large grey parrot, which immediately saluted the company with "*Good day*" and "*Pretty Poll,*" very distinctly. To prevent any inconvenience, the good dame endeavoured to put the cage under her feet, but the bird, whom the darkness doubtless displeased, laid hold of the fat man's leg, which he bit in such a manner as to make him roar out most lustily. The laughter and noise increased, and recourse was sought at the tribunal of the conductor, who, on the complaint of the wounded man, and the display of his bleeding leg, pronounced for the dismissal of the mutinous parrot. The order being executed, he mounted his cabriolet, and after the postilions had drank their stirrup cup, and smacked their whips, the enormous vehicle was put in motion, making the pavement tremble twenty yards round about.

No. XXII.—29th Aug. 1812,

A WEDDING, A LA COURVILLE.*

∴ Humani nihil a me alienum puto.

TERENCE.

I feel interested in every thing belonging to human nature.

Jè m'interesse a tout ce qui tient à l'humanité.

I SHOULD be loath to repeat after Chamfort, "*that the great world is confessedly a bad place.*" I can see in such an expression nothing but one of those tirades full of gall and injustice, whose exaggeration serves, in some measure, to counteract its bitterness; but if I was desired seriously to reply to such an accusation, I must be fain to call to my assistance, in behalf of the great world, that solemn ennui which at all times attends on it, and which only permits those pleasures to penetrate there, whose insipidity does not abridge its rights. For many years, ennui has placed at the gilded doors of the great, two guards, to whom it issues orders; never to

* The *Courville* resemble our places of resort in the environs of London, such as Cumberland Gardens, Hornsey, Bagnigge Wells, &c.

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R

admit either gaiety, liberty, or ease ; these sch-
 tinels are taste and fashion, or rather two in-
 truders, who have usurped those valuable names.
 Galen has enumerated among the number of his
 prescriptions to prevent bodily ills, a sort of obli-
 gation to break through the strict rules of sobrie-
 ty once a month ; the remedy which I would pre-
 scribe to cure, or to prevent the more weighty
 mental afflictions of the great, that is, of those
 who feel themselves fatigued with every exer-
 tion, is to leave now and then their splendid
 palaces, to seek incognito (*une guinguette*,) a
 country tea-garden, if it were merely to convince
 themselves, that such a thing as gaiety existed ;
 and after all, my commands are not so harsh as
 those of Horace, who with the same intent
 writes thus :

Plerumque gratæ divitibus vices ;
 Mundæque parvo sub lare pauperum
 Cœnz, sine aulæis et ostro,
 Sollicitam explicuere frontem.*

I fear I shall be thought very old fashioned in
 my notions, when I venture to say, that there
 are few things more amusing in Paris, than a
 Sunday, *de la Courtille*, and if I should own that
 I often look there for amusement. Since, how-

* The rich ought sometimes to seek a change of
 habit ; a frugal and unceremonious repast under the
 roof of the poor, has often smoothed the wrinkled
 front of care-worn greatness.

ever, this confession has escaped me, it only remains for me to endeavour to justify my bad taste, which perhaps I should not so long have retained, had I been less reserved in avowing it.

I am astonished that not a single writer of merit in France, should have employed himself in delineating a faithful picture of the manners of the lower classes of the people of Paris. Perhaps in no other place, could a more decided and more original character be found. Vadé has seized a few traits in his *Tableaux Poissards*; Pigault Lebrun in several of his romances, has sketched some portraits of this class, which are not deficient in similitude, but which occupy no more marked place in his works than mere episodes. Furetière in his *Romans Bourgeois*, has devoted too much space to satire, and too little to the description of real manners; it is nevertheless curious to observe, that a hundred years after his time, his likenesses are still acknowledged for the truth and accuracy with which they apply to living manners. I have myself lately had occasion to verify this observation.

Chance carried me a few days ago, to the house of an inferior wine merchant in La Rue Thibautodé, one of my oldest acquaintances in Paris. This honest man remembers that it is to me he is indebted for the small fortune he possesses, but he forgets that he most probably saved my life, by affording me an asylum at a time when hospitality was reckoned one of the greatest crimes in France. As I drew

near the house, I was surprised to see five or six hackney coaches before the door, whose drivers, decorated with ribbons and nosegays, appeared to be waiting for a wedding company. All the inhabitants of the street were at their windows, and the gossips of the neighbourhood, in groupes at the shop doors, were entertaining each other, (loud enough to be heard by the passers by,) with accounts of the newly married pair, of their relations, of the portion, and of the entertainment ordered at *L'Yale d'Amour*. In this way I learned that Father Burgundy, (the name given to the merchant I was about to visit,) "was going to marry his daughter to his foreman; that Geneviève was 18 years of age, the prettiest girl of that quarter, and the best dancer at *L'Hermitage*: that Honoré, her intended husband, was the younger son of M. Coquenard, a tin-man in La Rue Quincampoix, who had given up his business to his eldest son." I should have gathered much more intelligence if I had listened longer to a fruiteress, who was dying with envy to relate every circumstance to me, but who at the outset took from me all confidence in her story, by betraying her spleen at receiving no invitation to the wedding. I left her to chat scandal with her neighbour, the pork butcher's wife, who appeared to me to have at least equally strong reasons for abusing M. Honoré.

I entered the house of Father Burgundy, who as soon as he saw me, came up to make his acknowledgments with great cordiality, and

urged me in the most pressing manner to partake of an ample breakfast, after which, they were to go to church. I soon observed that the whispering between M. and Madame Burgundy, had for its object to decide whether they might presume to ask me to the wedding; I should have been exceedingly sorry if their respect had excluded me, and I therefore instantly encouraged them to the right cue, and was immediately invited in due form. The father presented to me his wife, a good jolly housewife about forty, and she introduced me to her daughter. Geneviève rose, and made me a curtesy, the awkwardness of which, was not entirely destitute of a sort of grace, and at her mother's request, she presented her two cheeks to kiss, which for firmness and freshness exceeded any in my recollection. Madame Burgundy accompanied this introduction, with an eulogium on her daughter, in which she interspersed some advice on the new duties, she was about to undertake. Her ideas and sentiments appeared to be so correct and just, that I thought it impossible to have expressed better thoughts in better words.

Father Burgundy gave the signal, and the company were instantly in motion; the relations placed, or rather wedged themselves, in the first coaches; they found means to cram eight persons into each, and I was honoured by being admitted into that, which contained the bride, with her father and mother.

At our departure, three or four musicians of that section, treated us with a symphony, which every one of them performed to a different tune, without its being remarked, however, in the Rue Thibautodé; we passed along this street at a trot, between two hedges of neighbours, the male part of them accompanied us with their benedictions, while the females preserved a sneering silence, through which the low passions of envy and malevolence peeped out.

Madame Burgundy remarked this as we proceeded; and tracing effects to their causes, long before we arrived at *St. Germain's-L'Auxerrois*, I was thoroughly acquainted with the scandalous chronicle of all the families from the *Rue de la Monnaie* to *L'Arche-Marion*.

We alighted at the second door of the church, where the clergyman did not come to receive us: the vicar had ceded to his curate this plebeian marriage, for the celebration of which one of the side chapels was thought quite sufficient. I even think the Sacristan played a double part on that day. Nevertheless, as the service proceeded, we gained in consideration. Madame Burgundy and M. Coquenard, the father, were piqued, and made such handsome offerings, that their importance quickly spread round the church, and our departure was much more splendid than our entrance. The door-keeper and beadle were at their posts, and were less surprised at the drink-money given

them, when they learnt that the hero of the festival was a wine-merchant.

We traversed all Paris to the Boulevards. The nosegays of our coachmen, and the noisy gaiety of our company, attracted all eyes upon us: every one was anxious to see the bride, who covered with blushes, was not less known by them than by her elegant brand-new and glossy Mechlin, and her bouquet of myrtle and orange flowers. Honoré on leaving the church, had set forward with his father-in-law to superintend the preparations for dinner, and order some previous refreshments. We arrived at *La Courtille*. Monday is here a second Sunday; the weather was delightful, and the assemblage of *amateurs* very considerable. It is impossible, without having seen them, to form an idea of the variety and originality of these tea-gardens. Above an hundred cooks, confectioners, liquor-purveyors, and waiters, are hardly able to satisfy the myriads of artisans, mechanics, and inferior citizens, who, free from all care, inquietude, and forethought, come regularly to get tipsey at *la Courtille*, in spite of the rule of Plautus:

..... Festo die si quid prodegeris,
Pro festo egere liceat, nisi peperceris.*

While the saloons and gardens of *Desnoyers*, the *Arc-en-Ciel*, the *Moulin-Joli*, the *Grande-*

* If you dissipate your money on a feast-day, when the day of work comes, you will be in poverty, or at least have nothing to spare.

Pinte, and the *Marroniers**, resounded with drinking-songs, we were expected at L'Isle d'Amour; where a room and table of 150 covers were prepared for us. Two tavern-keepers of Bercy and des Carrières, friends of Father Burgundy, were charged to provide the wine; Coquenard furnished out of his own warehouse this contingent of eatables from Provence and Languedoc; Madelon, the aunt, the most famous pastry-cook of the Halle, spent the whole morning in the composition of a sea-pie, which she wished to be a lasting subject of praise; Babet, the cousin, a fruiteress at la Pointe-St-Eustache, had provided the dessert, and the finest fruits of the season, which, served up to us in the baskets that brought them to Paris, would have gained nothing in my eyes, had they been pyramidically arranged on porcelain.

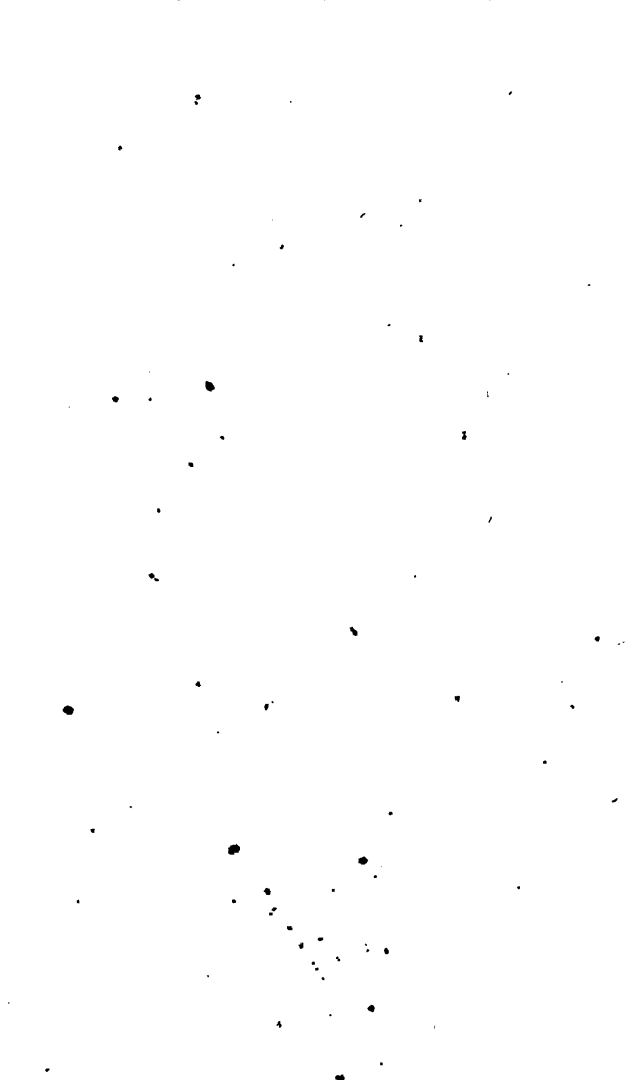
The young bride, more modest than timid, had not that affected bashfulness which is often met with in the great world on similar occasions: she was happy and not afraid of appearing so. I do not pretend to give any account of the conversation of a hundred and twenty-five guests of this description, met together, as it seemed from the first moment, for the sole purpose of talking, shouting, and laughing all together. This disposition was either mended or made worse, when all their heads became heated with wine—to form an idea of the con-

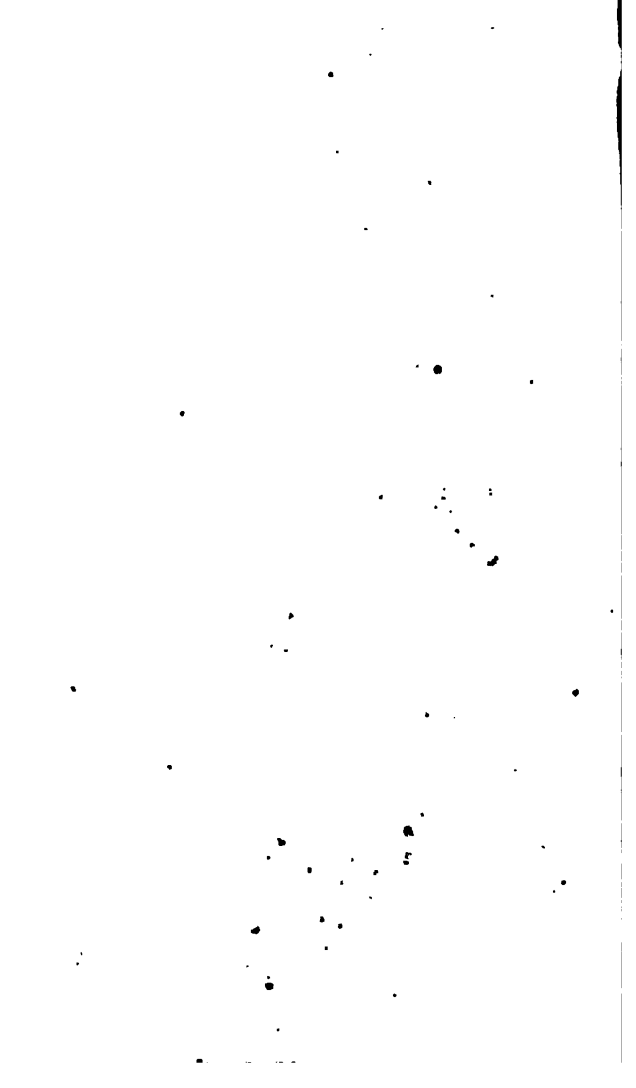
* The signs of several of these places of entertainment, which are so numerous in the environs of Paris.

fusion, it would be necessary to visit certain of our political assemblies. After the ceremony of stealing and *dividing the bride's gaffer*, song-singing commenced. When Rosseau said, that *of all academies that which made the most noise was the academy of music*, it is most likely he had never heard a chorus; or a drinking-glee joined in by all the company, at La Courtille.—A salvo of twenty-five pieces of heavy artillery would be the only accompaniment capable of drowning their voices.—When all the couplets of the tea-garden poets, and all the songs most in vogue among the ballad singers were exhausted, we resorted to less noisy amusements. The bridegroom had provided music, and during coffee the cymbals and Barbary organs performed the overtures to *Démophon*, and of *Jeune Henri* with indifferent success; but, by way of retaliation, the new romances of *The Kiss*, and of *Aurora*, received universal applause. Some exhibitions followed this first part of the concert; the clown and the learned rabbit appeared alternately on the stage, in the midst of the clapping of hands and bursts of laughter of the company; but the quadruped actor had one advantage over his rival in a well timed trick, the success of which was infallible. Its master had ordered it to beat a drum before the most amorous girl in company;—the little salad eater passed very orderly in front of all the young ladies, and on arriving opposite the new bride, he began a revieilly which lasted above a minute, to the great confusion of poor Gene-

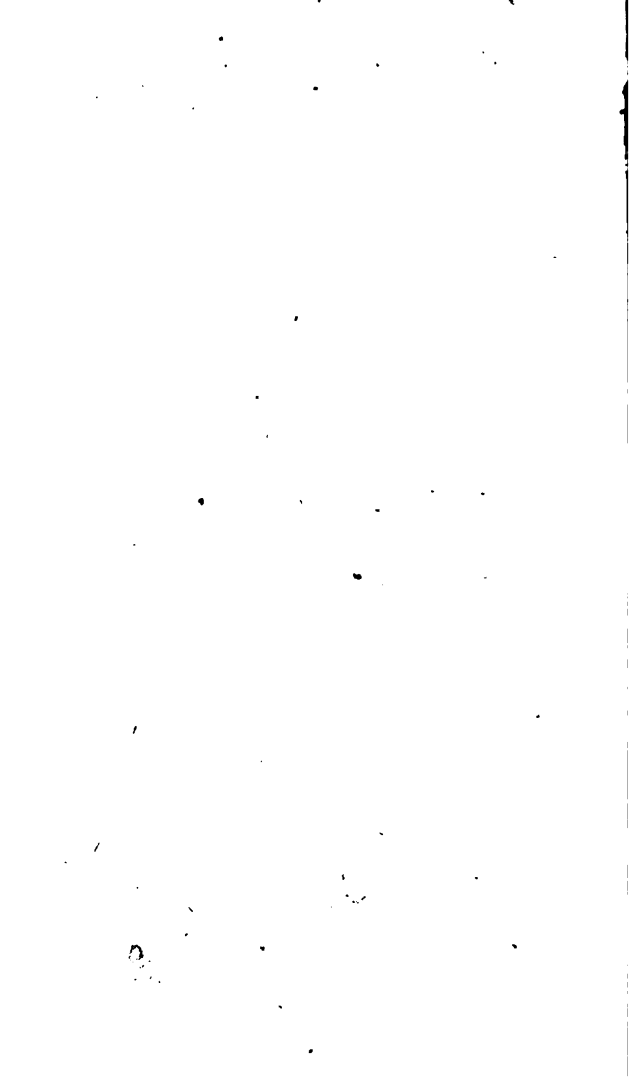
viève, and the great amusement of the spectators.—To this, the musical lottery succeeded: I could not discover what connexion subsisted between this pastime and a wedding, but on enquiring of a musician how this gallantry had become customary at a marriage, he told me, shrewdly enough, that all games of chance were among its attributes. After some flourishes, two violins, a clarionet, and a great drum were placed at one end of the room on a permanent orchestra, and the general ball began: Quadrilles were formed, and their dancing resembled their conversation: every one wishing on this joyous occasion to be jigging together. The joyous confusion, continued to a late hour, gave the new married couple an opportunity of escaping unmolested in their midnight retreat. I departed at the same time, but for an entirely different reason. I quietly proceeded along the faubourg du Temple, through a crowd of drinkers, who did not stand quite so firm on their legs as myself, and who, although they had not been at the wedding, were not on that account the less jovial.

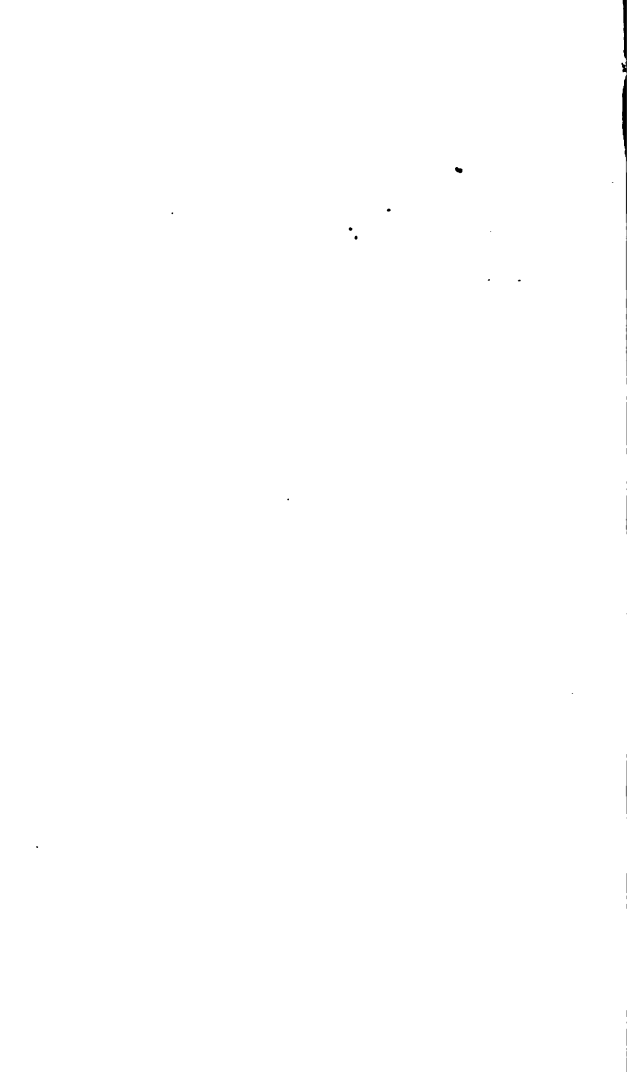
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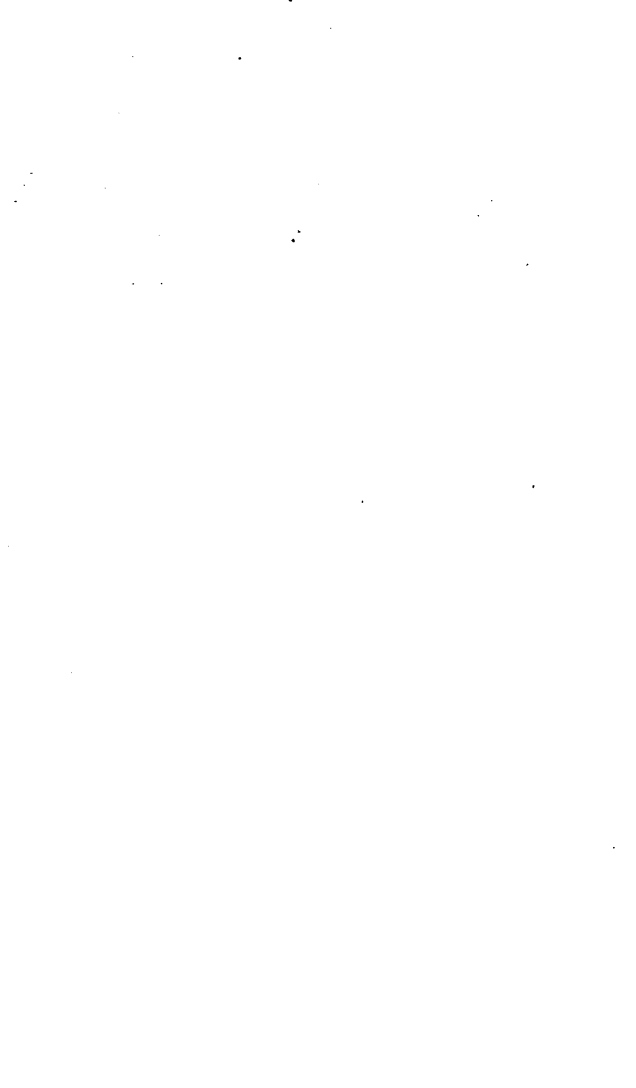












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